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LITTLE FOOTSTEPS.

BY CECIL LORRAINE.

Little footprints in the garden
Right across the border there,
And I gaze with tear-fill'd eyelids,
And a fervent yearning pray'r.
Little footprints trending boldly,
Where my brightest flowers smil'd,
Here his tiny feet last wander'd,
Happy little wayward child.

Hush! no more our baby lingers
'Mid the flowers fair as they,
No more in the sunny garden
Will our treasur'd darling play;
No more thro' the garden's flowers
Will the heedless footsteps roam,
They have wander'd into Heaven,
And our baby's goal is home!

A Terrible Repentance

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "ON HER WEDDING-MORN," "BETWEEN TWO SINS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

WHEN dinner was over, we left Mr. Benson with his bottle of favorite old port, and returned to the drawing-room. Lady Jesmond appeared absorbed in deep thought, and it was only when I was about to leave the room to visit aunt Annette that she broke the silence.

"Stay with me, will you, Miss Gordon?" she said. "I feel lonely and strange to-night."

"Ah, then," I thought to myself, "she is not devoid of feeling; but her strong will keeps the emotional side of her nature hidden from the world!"

"I will stay with pleasure, if you desire it," I answered.

She crossed the room, and came over to where I was standing. How well I remember the scene! The sun had set, and the lovely landscape was shrouded as by a misty veil. The French windows were wide open, and the perfume borne on the evening air filled the room.

"What a fair sweet night!" I remarked.

She looked calmly from the window; there was no admiration in her eyes.

"It is well enough," she said; and then, laying her hands on my shoulders, and looking down—for she was taller than I—into my face, she added slowly, "Miss Gordon, you have great reason to hate me and my little son."

"I have no reason to entertain any such feeling towards you or the child," I replied half indignantly.

"How long have you been here?" she asked.

"I came at the beginning of February," I answered.

"Time enough for you to grow deeply attached to Jesmond Dene," she remarked in slow measured tones.

"I love it with all my heart," I confessed.

"You have grown accustomed to receiving a large income—to doing what you liked with vast sums of money?"

"I was not long in learning the lesson," I answered, with a smile.

"Mr. Benson tells me that you have begun many improvements on the estate—that you are building schools, an hospital and almshouses."

"It is true, Lady Jesmond."

"He tells me also that you are already a model lady of the manor."

"He is very kind to say so," I answered, with a glow of pride at the thought that my honest endeavors had been appreciated.

"Do you know, Miss Gordon," she said, drawing nearer to me, "I am exceedingly sorry? Not sorry that my son will succeed to what you have looked upon as your inheritance; but I am truly grieved because of the great loss you have sustained."

She spoke so kindly that my heart was touched.

"It is," I admitted, "a great loss. Still I have no right to complain of the course events have taken. It is right that Paul's son should inherit what is legally his. I do not see that any one is to blame."

"You might have been spared the pain of all this had more care been exercised by those whose duty it was to make the fullest inquiries," she said.

"Yes; but I shall not give up all hope and pleasure in life because I have lost Jesmond Dene."

She looked at me earnestly—so earnestly that I could not be offended when she said—

"You are beautiful enough to marry well."

"I shall not redeem my fallen fortunes by marriage," I answered; but my heart throbbed wildly and my face flushed as I spoke. Marriage meant love, love meant Nello; and again the music of the nightingales seemed to ring in my ears, and I heard him whisper—"Felicia."

"Well," said Lady Jesmond, "we won't speculate as to what might have been, but will confine ourselves to the stern reality of what is. I thought when I came here that you would be my bitterest enemy, that you might possibly contest my claim."

"No one could contest your claim who had looked into little Guy's face," I replied, "for he is the very image of Paul."

"Still it was in your power to make things disagreeable," she continued. "You might have given me much trouble; but you have yielded at once so generously, so gracefully, so kindly, and, I may add, so nobly that I cannot help saying I am deeply grateful to you for my son's sake. I thank you, Miss Gordon. And now I want to ask a favor of you. Will you stay here at Jesmond Dene with me—for a year at the very least? I do not know what your plans for the future may be; but this I promise you—you shall not leave Jesmond Dene without a handsome dowry. Before anything is settled, give me the promise that you will remain with me for one year—not as mistress of the house, but as my companion and helpmate. You say you loved your cousin Paul—promise me for his sake."

"Will you tell me why you require that promise, why you desire me to stay with you, Lady Jesmond?"

"Yes, as frankly as you ask. I am a stranger here, and shall feel lonely. The position is new to me, and I do not quite know how to fill it. I should be glad to learn from you, if you will teach me. I am not accustomed to the management of a large household, and I am not sure even whether I understand what is and what is not etiquette in England. Will you stay and teach me?"

In response to her earnest pleading eyes, I promised, not that I would remain with her for a year, but that I would stay as long as I could.

"So much may happen in a year," I thought to myself; I would not promise for a year.

CHAPTER IX.

On the following morning Lady Jesmond asked me to show her over the house. It was still early when we went through all the suites of luxuriously-furnished rooms.

"I had no idea the place was so large," she said time after time; and the more she saw of it the more serious she grew. "What a place to lose and to win!" she murmured. "How could Paul leave such a home?" she added wonderingly.

"He preferred independence to luxury," I answered.

Then from the lawn I pointed out to her all the beauties of Jesmond Dene—the restless sea in the distance; the fragrant pine-forest; the shady woods; the clear deep river; the fertile meadow-lands—ah, and even the steep green hill from which I had surveyed the smiling landscape, believing it to be mine—all mine!

"It must be hard for you to give it up, Miss Gordon," she said again.

"It is hard; but I shall do it with a good grace," I answered. Then, thinking that she would like to see her boy, I suggested that we should go to the nursery.

"What for?" she asked, opening wide her bright blue eyes.

"To see little Guy," I replied.

"He is all right," she said curtly; "nurse will take good care of him. The little gentleman lives in clover, I assure you."

"What is the nurse's name?" I asked suddenly, without any particular reason.

For a moment I was startled by the change that overspread her countenance. She looked at me with a vague expression, as though she did not know; then, recovering herself quickly, she answered—

"Mrs. Rivers."

"Has she been with you long?" I asked.

"No," she replied carelessly; "I brought no nurse with me from India. I engaged Mrs. Rivers on reaching England."

"You had good references with her without a doubt?" I said.

"She is well known to some very near and dear friends of mine," replied Lady Jesmond, "and is an excellent nurse. I can trust little Guy with her at all times."

"She struck me as being rather a peculiar woman," I ventured to say.

"In what way?" asked Lady Jesmond; and her voice seemed to grow sharp and harsh.

"Rather above her station, I fancied—ladylike; and she speaks well," I answered.

Suddenly the roses she had been gathering fell from her hands, and I noticed that her face grew white and that a slight tremor passed over her.

"You are ill, Lady Jesmond!" I cried.

"No," she answered; "I am only cold. Though you call it summer, there is no warmth in the sun." Yet she did not look cold, but frightened and ill.

Longing to see more of Paul's little son, I went to the nursery when Lady Jesmond retired to her room. It struck me at once that the nurse was not very pleased to see me.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Rivers," I said.

She looked at me with an expression of blank surprise, and after a moment's hesitation returned my salutation. I knew from tradition that nurses are autocrats, and, as I desired to see much of the child, I perceived that I must conciliate her.

"May I see the little one and play with him for a short time?" I asked.

She looked at me half hesitatingly, and I felt sure that she longed to say "No," but she smiled and answered politely—

"Certainly, if you wish it, Miss Gordon."

And then she brought the child, who was laughing and crowing with delight, to me.

I took him in my arms and caressed him; but, when he saw that I was a stranger, the merry laughter died away, and the eyes so like his father's looked with pathetic inquiry into mine.

"Mamma," he said wistfully, "mamma!"

In a moment Mrs. Rivers was by his side.

"Bless the dear child," she said, "that is his cry the whole day long—nothing but 'mamma.'"

And again the large solemn baby-eyes looked into mine, as he cried—

"Mamma!"

"Your mamma is tired, little Guy," I said.

Mrs. Rivers looked up anxiously as she caught my words.

"Is Lady Jesmond tired? She is not very strong. People who come from India never are."

"As she was looking over the house with me," I answered, "she shivered violently, as though she were ill."

"How was that?" she asked nervously.

"I do not know—probably because she went out on the lawn without hat or mantle," I answered.

"Lady Jesmond is not strong," repeated the nurse. "If you would be so kind as to remain here with Sir Guy, Miss Gordon, I will go and see how her ladyship is."

Quite willingly I remained with the little fellow, kissing him to my heart's content. I tried to make him say "Felicia," and, after many futile attempts, the rosy little lips managed to murmur "Leesy," much to my delight. But what question did those baby-eyes ask when they looked into my face and he cried "Mamma?"

After waiting some time, I began to feel anxious about Lady Jesmond.

"Come with me, baby Guy," I said. "We will go and see mamma."

And again into his eyes came the look of wonder and questioning that I had noticed before. I remember how I danced the boy down the long corridors, and how his merry little laugh resounded in the otherwise silent house.

Thinking Lady Jesmond might be ill, I went quietly to her door. Before I had time to rap or to speak I heard voices; and then Mrs. Rivers said—

"You must be careful, Gabrielle."

I knocked at once before I could hear more, and, when the door was opened, and they saw me, a strange confusion seemed to come over them.

"Have you been waiting long, Miss Gordon?" asked Mrs. Rivers sharply.

"No; I have only just come," I replied. And then it flashed across my mind that she suspected me of listening. She would not suspect me of such meanness unless she were capable of it herself, I thought; and, as I turned to her, I caught her eyes fixed steadily on me. They were not the most friendly glances that we exchanged. "I was afraid that you were ill," I said to Lady Jesmond.

"I was tired this morning, Felicia," she answered gently; "and when I am tired I am afraid that I give way to fits of moodiness. I am better now."

I then left, taking baby Guy with me. But we did not dance down the passages this time, for my honor had been wounded by the suspicion this woman had cast upon me. Why was she on such confidential terms with the mistress of Jesmond Dene?. Addressing her with formal respect when they were in public, why did she call her "Gabrielle" when they were alone?

Lady Jesmond was wonderfully kind to her. She had two rooms most comfortably furnished, and she was waited upon by an under-nurse who did all the work. She had every delicacy supplied to her, and her ladyship insisted that she should take wine. Indeed no servant could have led a more comfortable life than Mrs. Rivers led. She was much attached to the child, and seemed very devoted to Lady Jesmond; but there was nothing by which I could account for the strange familiarity

which undoubtedly existed between them.

I saw Lady Jesmond angry once, and I was the unintentional cause of it. We were talking about the boy's fortune, about Eton and Harrow, Oxford and Cambridge, when, quite accidentally and without attaching much meaning to the words, I said—

"You will have to decide upon one or the other when Mrs. Rivers has gone."

Lady Jesmond turned to me with flashing eyes.

"That time will never come," she said. "Mrs. Rivers will never leave me."

I was surprised that she would display so much feeling about such an insignificant matter. Then, seeing my look of wonder, she apologized.

"I am so impatient, Felicia," she said; "and I am very much attached to nurse. I should not like to lose her."

"I hope you never will," I replied. And, though we spoke of it no more, the subject did not fade from my mind.

CHAPTER X.

A WEEK had elapsed and no news had come from Ireland. Lady Saxon came over every day to Jesmond Dene, for she knew I was a little willing listener to anything she had to say about Nello, and his silence had caused her considerable anxiety. She was very kind and attentive to aunt Annetta, whose health did not improve; but to Lady Jesmond she seemed to have a quiet antipathy. They were most polite to each other, but rarely spoke except to exchange ordinary civilities.

"She is as you say, Felicia, a most beautiful woman; but I do not like her; and I do not know why," Lady Saxon would say to me; while Lady Jesmond would half reproach me by saying—

"I cannot understand what you see in Lady Saxon. She is excessively proud and haughty, almost repellent. I shall never like her."

Lady Saxon was very kind to the little heir, and always asked to see him when she came, never forgetting to bring him presents of toys, and she soon became a favorite with the child, and even the nurse.

Mr. Benson had gone away much relieved in mind. He was delighted that I was going to remain for some time at the Dene, that Lady Jesmond and myself were good friends, and that her ladyship had insisted on making me an allowance.

"I do not care," she said to the lawyer, "whether the money is taken from my income or my son's. Miss Gordon must have it."

We lived in peace and harmony, and as the days went on our friendship ripened and expanded.

"I call you Felicia," she said to me one morning; "you should call me Gabrielle. I prefer it."

And it was mutually agreed that for the future we should address each other by our Christian names.

"You are sure to have a love story, Felicia," she said, after contemplating me earnestly as I stood before her; "and, unless I am a false prophet, it will not be a happy one."

"Why do you think so?" I asked her.

"I can read it," she replied, "in your face and eyes."

"You have had a love-story of your own," I said.

"I," she cried, her brilliant eyes opening wide—"I! Oh, no; I have had no love-story!"

"But you married Paul for love?" I said; and her face flushed crimson.

She laughed, and seemed slightly confused.

"To tell you the truth, Felicia," "I feel that I could love more deeply, more passionately than I love Paul. I was young, and marriage presented an easy escape from those tiresome children. Besides, I had a great desire to be Lady Jesmond. I did love Paul, but I am sure that I could love more deeply than I loved him."

"You do not mean to say that you would marry again, Gabrielle?" I cried, in astonishment.

"I am certain I shall if I fall in love and the right man asks me;" and she laughed. "You look disappointed, Felicia."

"I have hitherto thought of you as belonging entirely to Paul and little Guy and Jesmond Dene," I answered.

"You thought I should be an ideal widow and live here in seclusion, devoting myself entirely to the education of my son and the cultivation of a lifelong sorrow. But I do not aim at such perfection.

"Your heart is not buried in your husband's grave," I remarked.

"No; it is beating, living, full of hope, light, and longing for pleasures and gaities. I shall stay here at Jesmond Dene quietly for a year, and then you will see what will happen, Felicia."

"You are by no means a model widow," I said.

"I am just a trifle more honest than many," she rejoined. "I was very sorry to lose Paul, and I would have done all to save his life; but, as it was the will of Heaven that he should die, I do not see why the remainder of my life should be all darkness and gloom; do you?"

"Certainly not, if the loss of him does not make it so," I answered.

"I am ambitious," she said. "I intend to marry well, unless my ambition is spoiled by love."

We were standing on the balcony outside the library window, which commanded an excellent view of the river and the long avenue of chestnuts forming the drive. Never had I seen Lady Jesmond look fairer. The fresh morning air had tinted her cheeks with a delicate rose-blossom, her blue eyes were bright as stars, and the light summer wind toyed gently with the loosened masses of bright waving hair.

"Who is that?" she asked suddenly, pointing to a tall figure striding up the avenue towards the Hall.

A spray of roses prevented me from seeing him for a moment; but, on pushing it hastily aside, I saw that it was Lord Saxon.

"Who is that?" repeated Lady Jesmond. "What a splendid man!" Her face flushed, and her eyes shone with a brightness such as I had not seen in them before. "Felicia, how slow you are! Who is he?" she cried.

But my tongue clave to the root of my mouth, and in vain I tried to give utterance to his name.

"I have seen many handsome men," she said, "but never one like him."

I shall never forget the expression of suppressed emotion on her face as she watched him.

"Do you know him? Who is he?" she repeated.

"It is Lord Saxon," I answered.

"Lord Saxon of Dunroon? You do not mean to say that is Lady Saxon's son? I was just beginning to hate the very sound of his name, for she never seems to speak of any one else; but, if that is her son, I at once adjure my dislike, and will listen all day long while she talks of him."

I heard the sound of footsteps, and a servant's voice announced—

"Lord Saxon."

I turned quickly, and, in doing so, I saw his first look at her. I saw how his eyes flashed, I saw the gleam of admiration that he could not control, and I knew that his beauty-loving nature was taken captive by her loveliness.

He looked at her in silence for a few moments; and then with difficulty, as I could see, he withdrew his eyes from her and looked at me.

"Miss Gordon," he said, "I am glad to see you again."

But, oh, Heaven, something was missing from his voice that I might never hear again! It was not the tender voice that had whispered "Felicia" when we stood on the lawn on that memorable moonlit night.

I held out my hand to him, but my heart was too full for my lips to give utterance to words. Lord Saxon murmured something to me; I was conscious only that he desired an introduction.

Briefly I introduced Lord Saxon to Lady Jesmond.

He spoke first, and she listened as with charmed ears; and, as she responded to his greeting, his eyes seemed riveted by the fair loveliness of her face. He stood like one fascinated, unconscious of everything around him but the dazzling brilliancy of Gabrielle, Lady Jesmond.

CHAPTER XI.

AN HOUR passed, and still the conversation was kept up with unflagging interest. All Lady Jesmond's powers of fascination were brought into play. Once or twice his lordship turned to me with some commonplace remark, and then at one bright smile from her he instantly forgot me. We were still out on the balcony, Lord Saxon seated by her side, whilst I stood gazing at the roses with a faint sad heart. What had happened that the light seemed to have left the sun and the fragrance to have fled from the flowers?

Lord Saxon was "a lover of beauty and dreamer of dreams"—I knew it—and, now that he had met with a woman of surpassing loveliness, he would worship at her shrine. Why need I mind? With a smile on my face I stood there whilst my heart was slowly breaking; for I knew, just as well as if they had disclosed their thoughts, that a passionate mutual love was burning in their hearts. He could never have loved me; it had been but a passing fancy. This woman had stormed his heart with her beauty, and he had surrendered.

When the feeling of pain had somewhat moderated, I heard what they were saying.

"Not ride!" cried Lord Saxon. "I thought all ladies rode in India!"

"I was an exception," she said. "It is the one accomplishment above all others that I miss."

"Let me teach you," he begged eagerly.

"You would not like the trouble," she said coquettishly.

"Trouble!" he repeated. "Why, it would give me the greatest pleasure and delight!"

"We will speak of it later," she said.

Then came an interruption, in the shape of a message from the nursery, saying that Mrs. Rivers would be glad if Lady Jesmond would go there at once, as Sir Guy did not seem well.

Nello and I were left on the balcony alone. Had he come to talk to me of the silvery moon and the nightingales' song? Alas, alas, his eyes followed Lady Jesmond, and, when she had vanished from his sight, he stood with a dreamy, musing smile on his lips!

"He is a dreamer of dreams," I said to myself, whilst a bitter pain seized my heart; "and now they are of her, not of me."

"Felicia," he said, turning to me, "I cannot tell you how grieved and distressed I am at your sudden reversal of fortune. I could hardly believe my eyes when I read my mother's letter, and found that Jesmond Dene was no longer yours. Do you feel the loss greatly?"

His words were kind enough, but the very kindness was a dagger thrust into my heart; it shows me how completely his love was dead.

The loss of Jesmond Dene was so trifling to me in comparison with this other and greater loss that I could have laughed at the question; but I answered it soberly enough.

"I feel it most deeply; but I do not resent it. I loved my cousin Paul, and I am glad that his son will have the estate."

"You are very noble and very good," he said. "I have thought a great deal about it, and I cannot express to you how glad I am to see you carry such a brave heart, Felicia. Have you decided yet what you will do?"

I could have cried out in my anguish that I had hoped, had thought that he was coming to settle my fortune for me; but I shrouded myself in a mantle of pride. If his love was so weak that it had died at sight of a fairer face, what had it been worth?

I told him that I had decided on nothing—that for the present I should remain with Lady Jesmond, as she had asked me; also that my aunt was too ill to be removed.

"I should like to see your cousin Paul's son," he said. "Certainly his widow is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

"And you worship beauty," I remarked bitterly.

How deaf he was to the anguish that rang in my voice! He laughed frankly, apparently unaware of the pain he had caused me.

"So my mother said, Felicia; and I am afraid it is true. But I want to talk to you of yourself."

When Lady Jesmond returned to the room, laughing at the nurse's anxiety and unnecessary alarm, he immediately left me; and the next moment I heard him beseeching Lady Jesmond to drive over to Dunroon.

"I should like to show you the place," he said. "Felicia will drive over with you."

"I will think about it," answered Lady Jesmond. "I never make hurried promises."

"Felicia," cried Lord Saxon, "you will bring Lady Jesmond over to Dunroon?"

"When she likes to go," I answered.

And then Lord Saxon rose to depart. He must really go, he said; he had stayed much longer than he ought. But even after that declaration he had lingered, talking to her, and watching her every movement with admiring eyes.

So this was the prosaic end of my love-story! Had he cared for me? I could not tell; but I believed he had, or he would not have kissed me. He had loved me with a feeble apology for love which had died when he saw the fair face of Lady Jesmond. I had tasted happiness but to lose it; I had dreamed my love-dream but to wake and find it vanished. I had been unspeakably happy for a few days and now without any warning, the cup of happiness had been dashed from my lips, the blissful delusion had been dispelled.

When Lady Saxon had gone, Lady Jesmond turned to me.

"Felicia," she cried, "you are a greater mystery than ever to me. Imagine knowing such a man as that, and never speaking of him! You must be as unimpressionable as marble."

"You never liked Lady Saxon," I made excuse.

"It did not follow that I should not like her son," she said, and then added, "I have a presentiment that I shall become his wife."

"You must wait until he asks you," I ventured to suggest.

"Yes; and I can make him ask me whenever I like," she said laughingly. "Why, Felicia, did you not see?"

"See what?" I asked impatiently.

"Why, that he was in love with me from the first moment that we met! I felt it; I am sure of it. And, Felicia, Felicia, I am afraid my own case is like his! He is the first man I have seen whom I should care to love or marry."

"You forget Paul," I said, shocked at her words.

"I do not forget him. But, Felicia, why did you never speak to me of Lord Saxon?"

"How could I tell that the topic would interest you?" I asked.

"You might have been sure, knowing what a superior man he is. Now I shall cultivate his mother's friendship; and, Felicia, you will take me to Dunroon?"

CHAPTER XII.

A YEAR passed, and to me it was one of slow torturing agony. My strength deserted me, the color faded on my cheeks, the light from my eyes; but I kept my secret. No one, except perhaps Lady Saxon, had the faintest idea that I had ever cared for the handsome lord of Dunroon.

It was impossible for me not to watch Nello and Lady Jesmond as they sauntered amid the trees and flowers, her bright lovely face and golden hair contrasting with his dark, proud, manly beauty.

Never was lover more devoted than Lord Saxon. He came every day, sometimes twice; and I could hear his voice calling "Gabrielle, Gabrielle!" as he sought for her in the grounds. He was proud of her love, and he gloried in her brilliant beauty. If by any chance he came when she was engaged or absent, he would pour out all his passionate loving thoughts of her to me. Lashings from a fiery whip could not have stung me more; but I listened with a smile on my lips, though every word lacerated my heart. As for Lady Jesmond, she gave herself up completely to her love-dream.

"I talked of ambition once," she said to me; "I never could have had any. I would marry Lord Saxon if he were a peasant instead of a prince, as he is."

"Do you love him so much?" I asked.

"Love him," she exclaimed, with a warm glow on her face—"love him? That is a weak expression, Felicia. It is something deeper and stronger than simple love. I always knew," she continued, "that, if ever I loved at all, it would be in terrible earnest. I wish I had more moderation and greater self-control."

They were acknowledged lovers when she spoke to me in that enthusiastic fashion; but no time had been settled for the marriage. My aunt Annette was still lying ill, and Lady Saxon was miserable.

"I do not like Lady Jesmond," she said to me one day when we were alone; "I have never liked her, and I never will. I do not trust her. There is something strange and mysterious in her manner which repels even more than her glittering loveliness. I am anxious that my son should be happy; but I wish he had chosen differently," she concluded, with a sigh.

I could not help noting that there were times when Lady Jesmond seemed unhappy, when she was restless and uneasy, startled at the least sound, grew pale when she heard an unusual noise. I found her at intervals with her face clouded with thought and her bright blue eyes shadowed. It struck me too that she spent much more time with Mrs. Rivers than she had hitherto done. They were in constant and close companionship, always talking eagerly, earnestly, and in whispers. Two other things struck me as extremely singular—how little thought Lady Jesmond bestowed upon her dead husband and how little love she showed for

her child. All her interest centred in Lord Saxon.

The month of June had come round again, and still I was an inmate of Jesmond Dene. I could not leave, first because I had solemnly promised to remain for a time, and secondly because my aunt Annette, who was lying ill with a spinal complaint, could hardly endure my being out of her presence. All nature smiled in the summer sun, and the nightingales once again awoke the echoes of the night with their melodious song.

At the close of a sultry day, when the moon was shining over the trees, I went quietly to hear the nightingales, as I had once gone with Nello. Bitter were my thoughts, hot and bitter were my tears. She had taken him from me, this beautiful woman whose little son had deprived me of my inheritance.

It was a luxury to be alone, to pour forth unrestrainedly the agony of my heart, to crouch down on the long soft grass and sob out my grief. They were singing so exquisitely, the nightingales, and yet the sweet music seemed to tear my very heart. He would have loved me and married me but for her! Heaven forgive me—in that moment I hated her! Ah, if she had but remained in India—if my cousin Paul had but lived!

In the madness of my despair I realised how much I had loved him. He would be standing now on the balcony with her; he would be worshipping the beauty of her face, his arm encircling her waist, and he would kiss her lovely lips. And I was lying there, lonely, desolate, and broken-hearted! Was it just? I cried to the silent shining heavens. She had everything. She had had the trusting love of my bright young cousin; she was the mother of his heir; she was mistress of the home that been mine; she had money, lands; and now she had taken him! Was it fair, because she had the brightness of the stars in her eyes and the sheen of the sun in her hair, that she should take him from me? Was it fair that she should stand in the circle of his arm, and I lie forsaken there? Was it fair that she should take his caresses and his kisses while I stretched out my arms to the empty air?

CHAPTER XIII.

THERE was a surprise for me in store when I returned from my dismal ramble. I found that Lady Saxon had remained rather later than usual, and that Lady Jesmond had discarded her widow's weeds. Never shall I forget the vision of loveliness that met my dazed eyes. She wore a dress of pale violet velvet, which contrasted well with her golden tresses and exquisite complexion. I had seen, not many days before, Lord Saxon take the little crape cap from her head, and all her shining hair fall in a glorious mass of ripples and waves about her shapely shoulders.

"It is more than a sin to cover such hair," he said.

She looked up to him with sudden gravity.

"I hope," she answered calmly, "that I shall never commit a greater."

"I do not think you could commit a sin if you tried," he said, his eyes looking into hers with deep yearning love; and, to my surprise, instead of smiling, her gravity deepened.

The remembrance of her dazzling beauty of that evening will never leave me. I remember too, how she sang to him, and how he learned admiringly over her chair and drank in the music of her sweet voice; and then they went out on to the balcony, where he bade her good night, bending down and kissing her lips, and breathing passionate words into her ears which seemed to stir her into new life.

Then he was gone; and she stood gazing after him with a smile sweet and tender, such as I had seldom seen on her face before.

We stood together once more; her face was full of emotion, her eyes were full of tears of joy.

"I will be a good woman my whole life long," she said suddenly, "I will be as good as woman can be; for, oh, Felicia, I am so happy—I am so unutterably happy! Do you know what has happened?"

"No," I answered faintly; but my heart told me what was coming.

Two warm soft arms were placed round my neck, a golden head nestled on my bosom, a fair bewitching face was turned to mine, tears shone in the blue eyes.

"Listen to me, Felicia," she said. "I'm the happiest woman in the whole wide world. Oh, I will be good—I will indeed be good!"

"But you are good now, Gabrielle," I said, anxious only to avert the coming announcement.

"I will be better!" she cried. "Oh, Felicia, I do not deserve to be so happy!"

The white arms tightened their clasp and the beautiful head nestled more closely to me.

"I shall remember to-day above all other days," she said; "it is the happiest of my life. Felicia, I am shy at telling you my good news. Lord Saxon has asked me to be his wife, and wishes me to marry him this summer."

There was a dead silence as her voice died away; the smile on her face was full of unutterable content.

The blow which I had so long expected had at last fallen, I must go way, far away, where I could never hear of or see either of them again!

"This summer," she repeated; "and, now that my happiness is so near, I—I am afraid of it—afraid!" she repeated; raising her face and kissing me. "Can you say anything that will give me courage?"

"You have nothing to fear," I said, with difficulty.

"Is it colder than usual to-night?" she asked. "The air is sweet with roses, but it seems to me chill;" and I felt a shudder pass over the graceful figure. "I wish," she added, with sudden melancholy, "that I had my life to begin over again. All people make grave mistakes at one time or another in their lives, do they not?"

"Very many do," I replied—who had made a greater one than I? "But surely you are not among the number, Gabrielle you can have made no mistake in your life?"

She looked at me with wistful longing eyes.

"I did not know," she said, "that pure love brought so much with it. I find the first thing is a craving to be worthy of it."

"I hope you are worthy of it." I answered gravely. Her curious words and manner began to make me feel anxious.

"I will try to be," she said. "Felicia," she continued, drawing my face down to hers and kissing it again, "you have known Nello longer than I have; do you think, if he loved any one very much, and found out she he loved had done a great wrong, he would forgive readily?"

"It would depend altogether on the nature of the wrong committed," I replied. "I should imagine that he would be ready to overlook ordinary faults and weakness; but there are some things that he would never pardon."

"What are they?" she asked breathlessly.

"He hates trickery and deceit," I answered. "He would, I believe, almost forgive murder sooner than anything of that nature."

She was looking at me with wide opened frightened eyes.

"He would sooner forgive murder than deceit!" she echoed.

The words had a stranger sound as she uttered them, and made a lasting impression upon me.

"I am sure it is cold," she remarked, after a pause; and once again she shuddered.

She began to pace up and down the long drawing-room.

"You will think that I am behaving strangely to-night," she said. "I am uneasy; I cannot rest."

I attempted to go, but she cried out, "Felicia, do not leave me!"

"It is strange," she said presently, with rare humility, "that out of all the world of women Nello should have chosen me."

"I do not think so," I replied quickly. "He loves you because you are one of the most beautiful."

She looked sad and disappointed.

"Do you think it is only for my beauty that he loves me?" she asked.

"Would not that content you?" I inquired.

"Not now," she answered softly. "It would once; it will not satisfy me now. Love has opened my eyes to a hundred things I did not know before."

"You really do not seem to have loved my cousin," I was startled into saying.

"No," she replied—and her eyes filled with tears—"I did not love Paul—not in this fashion, at least."

Then I advised her to go to rest. Her face was burning, her eyes were shining with a strange light, her golden hair had fallen over her shoulders in careless profusion. Never was vision of womanhood so fair!

"I am so loath to see the happiest day of my life come to an end," she said, "that I feel compelled to linger here. Felicia, have you ever had what people call a presentiment?"

"Yes, often," I answered.

"Have they been realized?" she asked.

"More often than not," I replied.

"I have a presentiment to-night—a feeling that tells me to-morrow will not be like to-day."

"You will be happier than ever to-morrow," I said. "Lord Saxon will come over to Jesmond Dene quite early, and he will want to drive you or ride with you to one of your favorite haunts. Then you will romp on the staircase with little Guy; you will go off in excellent spirits; and you will have quite forgotten your presentiment when you return."

"Good night, Felicia," she said; "you have comforted me."

I kissed her, and said "Good night."

When I awoke the next morning, my first thought was that I must go from Jesmond Dene. I could not bear to remain in the place that had seen my hope crushed and my love ruthlessly blasted.

Just as I had prophesied, Lord Saxon came over quite early, as he wanted to drive Lady Jesmond to St. Michael's Priory, a fine ruin about ten miles distant.

"A whole day, my darling, out in the sunshine together!" I heard him say.

They went to the nursery, whence I heard issue shrill peals of sweet childish laughter. I went after them with a message for Lady Jesmond. Lord Saxon was tossing the child in his arms, delighting and frightening him at the same time. Lady Jesmond was speaking to the nurse at the other end of the room, and again I caught the words, "Be careful, Gabrielle;" and once more I wondered why the nurse should presume so to address her mistress.

Nello and Lady Jesmond rode away together, and there was no shadow on her lovely laughing face as she wished me a pleasant "Good morning."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ADVICE TO THE ENGAGED.

TO HIM.—If you think that a woman is any weaker minded than a man, stop where you are.

If you intend to treat yourself any better than you treat your wife, don't take one.

If you suppose that running the house consists in paying the bills, don't undertake it.

If you have found it a hard task to be happy yourself, don't try to make any one else happy.

If you have chosen a pretty woman without regard to her other qualities, halt; you are on the wrong road.

If you incline to the opinion that any manners are good enough for home manners, don't try to have a home.

If you think that a house should have only one head, and that head be yours, postpone your wedding indefinitely.

If you are of the opinion that marriage makes man and wife one and that you are to be that one, send in your regrets at once.

TO HER.—If you are marrying for money only, you must only expect to get what money can buy.

If you are going to marry a man for his looks, you mustn't be surprised when he gives you black ones.

If you are going into the thing blindly, don't hold up your hands in holy horror when you get your eyes opened.

If you are marrying a man to reform him, it behooves you to exercise all the zeal and patience of the reformer.

If you only contemplate taking a husband in order to gain greater freedom, don't be surprised if he should profit by your example.

If you have been engaged three times before this, you had better wait six months; perhaps this engagement may be followed by still another.

If you have an idea that a cookery book and an allowance can make a happy home, you should get yourself to a nunnery with all convenient speed.

A FEW DAYS AGO an elderly gentleman and his wife came down Broadway together. A lady crossing the street fell down. The old gentleman rushed to her assistance and helped her in every possible way. When he returned to his wife she shook her fist at him. "It's all right, it's all right," he answered. "Yes, I know it's all right," she replied, hotly. "Here's an unknown woman falls down, and you plough across the street to help her, and the other day I fell down stairs and you wanted to know if I was practicing for a circus."

THERE may be ecstatic joys in a mountain hunter's life, as the poets and minstrels have said and sung; but probably not when his wife presents him with six bouncing boys at a birth, all alive and kicking, as was the case with Charles Billings, of Ashe County N. C., according to a late dispatch.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE EARLY CHEST.—The earliest chest is said to have been merely the trunk of an oak tree scooped out and out down the centre, one-half serving as a lid, which was at first kept shut by a strip of leather, and later by a strip made of iron.

"TEARS OF ST. LORENZO."—This is the poetic name given by the Italians to falling stars. The reason of the name is that shooting stars are most numerous during the period when the Catholic Church celebrates the martyrdom of St. Lawrence.

ONE COLOR.—A strange custom is followed by Mexican farmers. They use oxen of one color in the morning and another color in the afternoon. They do not know why, but they know that it must be the right thing to do, because their forefathers did it.

WORK DONE BY BEES.—Bees must, in order to collect a pound of clover honey, deprive 62,000 clover blossoms of their nectar. To do this the 62,000 flowers must be visited by an aggregate of 3,750,000 bees; or, in other words, to collect his pound of honey one bee must make 3,750,000 trips from and to the hive. As bees are known to fly for miles in quest of suitable fields of operation, it is clear that a single ounce of honey represents millions of miles of travel.

PRESENTS.—In Norway an amusing practice is observed at Christmas. It consists in a secret conveyance of the presents, wrapped up in innumerable covers, on each of which a different name is written, so that they pass through many hands before reaching their destination. The curiosity may be imagined with which the process of uncovering is watched by those interested, for no one is sure who at the last will be lucky enough to receive the coveted prize.

A FEATHERED ALLY.—During the war between Great Britain and the United States in 1812, a game-cock once won a naval victory for the Stars and Stripes. It happened thus. A British flotilla upon Lake Champlain was attacked by the American fleet under Commodore McDonough, and the day was going against the assailants, when a cannon-shot struck a henroop on board the Commodore's ship, killing all its feathered inmates except an old cock. The indomitable bird flew into the rigging, and with clarion note, rang out his defiant "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" The American sailors, reinvigorated, took heart, and after a sharp struggle were victorious.

ORIGIN OF CHESS TERMS.—Few chess players could guess the origin of one of the most important terms in their game. The word "chess" is said to be a corruption of the Arabic word "sheikh," meaning chief or king. The game came westward by way of Persia, where the word sheikh becomes shah. It was the game of the king. The term "check" is merely to give notice that the king is attacked, and "checkmate" means "the king is dead," the verb "mata" being from the same root as the Spanish matador, the slayer of the bull. The word check, whether verb or noun, may be traced through several curious ramifications back to the Persian and Arabic. Even the word exchequer is curiously tangled up in this verbal network.

IN CAPE TOWN.—There is, says a traveler, a great peculiarity about the streets of this African town owing to which—an old Dutch custom, I believe—it was not until I had resided here for several months that I found out what street I was living in. This sounds absurd, but it is a fact, nevertheless. The plan of the city is simplicity itself—seven main streets, each two miles long, crossed at right angles by six lesser ones. The plots of ground between the main streets on which the houses stand are named; not the streets themselves. For example, our three main thoroughfares are called Church Street, Longmarket Street, and Loop Street. Now, in walking down Longmarket Street the houses on the right-hand side are in Loop Street, but those on the left in Longmarket Street. Similarly, in perambulating Church Street those on the right-hand side are in Longmarket Street, while those on the left are in Church Street.

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE writes to a London paper on the subject of "English Wives:" "Irishmen are more sympathetic, more true to their wives, and, in my opinion, we should hear less of unloved wives and unlovely marriages, less of the divorce Courts, if Englishmen showed more sympathy and interest in their wives."

IT WILL BE SO.

BY PETER SPENSER.

The time will come when men will grow,
  Ah! how they then will grow apace,
In every virtue Heaven can show
  Reflected from the Father's face.

It is far distant now the time;
  But, oh! the whole world will rejoice
At length in a celestial clime;
  Be ruled by one angelic voice.

'Tis made for noble ends, this earth;
  'Twas made by Him who makes all well;
And even yet it will give birth
  To those who in His truths excel.

Increase, oh, Science! Arts, increase!
  Ye are but means in His great hand,
To bring about the reign of Peace
  In every heart, in every land.

Then every little Flower will preach
  The truth its Maker meant it should;
Till then, bloom on!—ye cannot teach
  Now, ever, anything but good.

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," "HUSHED UP," "GWEN DALE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

SHE won't come, Mik; something must have happened to prevent her at the last minute. "It's a pity, because of the muffins," said Miss Jackman, pausing in her occupation of knitting stockings for the deep-sea fishermen and peeping over the wooden lattice-work blind into the dull little street for about the twentieth time that afternoon; while Mikado, the black cat, left off licking his neat white-stockinged feet, and stared up into his mistress's face with grave green eyes on hearing himself thus addressed.

"No—she won't come," repeated Miss Jackman, casting a regretful glance at the neatly-spread little tea-table, the covered dish of muffins standing inside the fender to keep hot, the bright-faced copper kettle singing away merrily on the cheerful fire in the grate.

Some one ran up the steps of the house just at that moment and rang the bell; but the deepening twilight made it impossible to discern who the visitor was.

"Only for the drawing-room, I suppose. It's astonishing what a number of rings there have been for Mrs. Minn this afternoon. That bell has gone a dozen times if it has gone once," thought the occupant of the dining-room a little enviously. "Certainly, with half-a-dozen children there must be a good bit of coming and going; but, really, it is almost one person's work to answer the door. I wonder Mrs. Scatchard stands it. Hark—there it is again! Sarah must be out; I'd better go myself." And Miss Jackman threw a kitten red-and-black wrap round her shoulders to protect her from the evening air, and, stepping out into the little gas-lit passage, opened the front door about two inches and peered round it.

Nothing very alarming presented itself to her view. A woman dressed in black, with a veil over her face and a small black leather bag in her hand, stood on the outside step and responded to the inquiry of what she wanted by saying in a timid voice—

"Miss Jackman; I was told she lived here. The minister, Mr. Bapchild, said I might call."

"Oh, of course! Will you step inside? It is cold in the passage; walk into the parlor," said Miss Jackman, throwing the door of the warm little sitting-room open and ushering in her visitor. "I am Miss Jackman, my dear, and am only too pleased to be of service to our good minister. What can I do for you this afternoon?"

The sable-clad arrival at once thrust her hand into her bag and produced a packet of small leaflets, which she handed to Miss Jackman for inspection. The titles were of an alarming character, such as "The Demon Drink, Blighted Blossoms, Shrieks from the Tormented," and so on, and the letter-press was evidently of a similar realistic description.

"Little efforts of my own," explained Mr. Bapchild's emissary, in a modest and slightly nasal whine. "The dear minister thinks they might be a humble instrument of good if circulated freely amongst some of our most hardened sinners; and the price is really nominal—only sixpence a dozen."

Miss Jackman glanced rapidly through the flimsy papers she held in her hand by the light of the fire, which she stirred into a brilliant blaze, and shook her head doubtfully.

She was a little thin active woman of about fifty-five, and certainly had no reason to be grateful to nature's prodigality with regard to her external charms, being short to the verge of dwarfishness, with a wide mouth, a nose like a radish both as to shape and color, and eyes deeply sunken in her head. But beneath this uninviting exterior there lurked a heart that was truly as good as gold, overflowing with kindliness to the most abject wretch or the meanest animal; and this heart, which was often a cause of great trouble to Miss Jackman, made her hesitate now between her desire to benefit her visitor and her honest aversion from the wares she wished to dispose of.

"Oh, my dear—well, I would do anything to oblige Mr. Bapchild, and I should like to help you too! Now sit down; I dare say you're cold, poor thing. It's a nasty raw afternoon to be tramping about the streets; but I'll give you a nice hot cup of tea in a minute." And the kind soul lighted the gas, drew the red moreen curtains closely over the one window, and put a chair for the stranger near the fire.

"You see," she went on, commencing to measure the tea from a japanned caddy into the little black tea-pot, "I'm an old goose, I dare say, but I never can find it in my heart to scold the poor people. There are plenty who are always ready to undertake that part of the business; and I'm sure its very praiseworthy in those that will do it, for it must be very disagreeable work. But, when I see, as I do often—for I'm fond of visiting in my small way—the miseries these poor creatures suffer and the privations they have to endure, not just once in a way—which perhaps might be good for them—but always, I can't persuade myself to tell them that there is less hope for them in the next world than in this. So I never give tracts, you see. At least, if I do, they are more—well, more comforting ones than these appear to be; although I am sure they must be very nice, or Mr. Bapchild would not recommend them," added Miss Jackman hastily; "and I shall be pleased to take a dozen for my own private use"—cheerfully selecting "The Demon Drink" and depositing it in her work-basket, as though she considered it particularly appropriate to her needs; while she rummaged behind the motley collection of small china ornaments that adorned the mantelpiece in search of a stray sixpence which she had carefully placed there the night before.

"Ah, the wages of sin is death!" remarked the stranger solemnly, as she slowly sipped the tea given to her, sitting with the tips of her toes airing comfortably on the fender.

She had raised her veil to partake of the proffered refreshment, and thus revealed a pallid face with heavy dark eyebrows and framed in bands of jet-black hair, at which her hostess glanced with more curiosity than was compatible with strict politeness.

"F'or all the world like a wig," soliloquized Miss Jackman; "though, after all, who am I to judge another, when I have worn a front myself ever since I was thirty-five. But there is an underlook about the young woman that does not altogether please me; and I'm not partial to people who keep their eyes so much cast down."

"A stranger in London, I suppose?" she hazarded at length, with an uneasy feeling that a visitor so willing to partake of tea and muffins ought at least to offer some account of herself and her doings. "I don't remember to have seen you in chapel."

"Probably not; I am not amongst those anxious to attract public notice," replied the authoress of the tracts in a sententious manner.

Rising from her seat, she brushed the crumbs of muffins carefully out of her lap and lowered her veil in preparation for departure.

"You haven't a spare umbrella you could lend me to go home with, have you? I forgot to bring my own, and the mist is very thick," she remarked presently with much composure. "And I should be grateful for a drop of something warm before I start, just to keep the cold out; it strikes to one's inside so."

Miss Jackman drew herself up stiffly. Here was a pretty person to be in the employ of unsuspecting blue-ribbonised Mr. Bapchild! The cool demand for an umbrella had almost taken her breath away, but when it came to asking for drink!

"I never take spirits, except medicinally," she replied with great dignity, her scrupulous honesty refusing to let her deny the existence of a certain little bottle of gin hidden away in a cupboard and occasionally brought to light for the manufacture of toddy—very sweet, very weak, and very hot—when Miss Jackman had a cold. "No, I cannot offer you anything of that kind; but, as regards the umbrella, if you will promise to return it to-morrow, for I have only one——"

She hesitated a moment, halting between her own good-nature, which made it difficult for her to refuse any request, and some shred of worldly prudence.

But good-nature got the better of it; and she was trotting off cheerfully in search of the required article, when she felt herself seized suddenly from behind and the arms of her visitor thrown with most unexpected vigor round her neck.

"You dear, delicious, unsuspecting old goose! And you would have given me your only umbrella and your poor little sixpence too?" cried a fresh, laughing, well-known voice in her ear.

"Cecily!"

Miss Jackman disengaged herself frantically from the close embrace and dropped into the nearest chair in a state bordering on stupefaction.

"My dear child! Oh, how could you? You have really alarmed me very much, and I don't understand. What does it all mean? Where have you come from?" she gasped feebly.

Mrs. Lancelot Tresham carefully divested herself first of her black bonnet and then of an old banner-screen depicting in bead-work the finding of Moses, perpetrated by Miss Jackman in early youth.

Bereft of her strange disguise, Cecily became herself once more, despite the jet-black eyebrows and artificially darkened lashes, which formed such a strong contrast to her waxen fairness and tightly-twisted chestnut hair.

"Don't scold me, Jackie dear!" she exclaimed pleadingly, as she picked up the cat and seated herself in an old-fashioned rocking-chair with faded patchwork cushions that was always reserved for her special use. "I have such an immense deal to tell you and to talk over, and only about ten minutes to do it in, for it is just four o'clock now, and I must be home to take Tots while Jane has her tea. I don't know what you'll say to me when you hear what I have done; but you must promise, before I begin, not to try to persuade me against it, for I must carry out my plan—I must!"

She spoke with such obvious excitement that Miss Jackman, although well accustomed to the wilful spirit that made Mrs. Tresham sometimes difficult to deal with in spite of her warm-hearted disposition, felt more at a loss than ever to account for her old pupil's strange proceedings.

"Why, I can't do that, my dear—I mean persuade you out of anything until I know what it is," she said, trying to speak cheerfully, although a sudden fear assailed her that made her tremble with excitement. "Oh, my darling child, do tell me; I can't bear the suspense! You are never, never thinking of going on the stage, are you?" she breathed in an awe-struck whisper. To her simple mind the region beyond the footlights represented a sink of iniquity, and a theatrical "entrepreneur" a kind of hydra-headed Mephistopheles ready to sacrifice any number of Marguerites for the furtherance of his own demoniacal schemes. "Oh, Cecily, don't tell me such a thing! Don't, don't!"

Mrs. Tresham glanced at her with a smile hovering round her lips, though something like tears stood in her eyes.

"Nonsense, Jack dear! It's only private theatricals—at a country house, you know; and I shall get a lot of money—twenty-five pounds," she said, rather unsteadily. "My ambition has always been to act, and now I am preparing to do it with a vengeance. Fancy my turning private secretary to Sir Geoffrey Tresham, and staying down at the Park for a month while all the shooting-parties are going on!"

"Secretary? To Sir Geoffrey? You? At Tresham Park? But you said you were going to act!" Poor Miss Jackman still failed to grasp the situation.

"Well, so I am. See!" Cecily turned quickly aside, replaced her wig, and, folding her hands demurely in front of her, glided to her old governess's side, with a slight limp in her gait. "Miss Caroline Hayward, if you please, ma'am. Secretary to Sir Geoffrey Tresham—undeniable references," she murmured, in a measured monotone.

Miss Jackman looked at her with inquiring curiosity.

"But you don't explain. Sir Geoffrey—does he know? But of course not—and Captain Tresham? I can't fathom it. Surely, Cecily, you are never going down masquerading to Tresham Park, which will be your rightful home one day, without your husband's sanction and in that shameful wig!"

She paused, partly to recover breath, partly because words failed her to express her horror and dismay at the whole transaction.

Mrs. Tresham sat down again, with an inflexible expression about her mouth that boded ill for poor Miss Jackman's powers of persuasion.

"Now, look here, Jackie," she said firmly, "I have been trying for the past quarter of an hour to explain to you exactly what I have already done, and what I intend to do, and you have perpetually interrupted me. If you will only hear the whole story quietly first, and then make what remarks you please afterwards, it will be so much better. I want some one to speak to and confide in," continued the girl, with a sudden change of tone, and all the look of dogged resolution disappearing from the delicate slightly harassed face. "I can't change my mind or alter my plans even for you; but I want you to help, not hinder me, Jackie dear, if you only will.

Her voice trembled slightly. After a pause she went on firmly.

"You know how anxious I have been for a long time that Lance should confess our marriage to Sir Geoffrey. I did not mind the concealment of it so much just at first, and I don't mind it now for my own sake. I mean that I am just as happy at Mulberry Cottage as I should be if I were very rich, in a grand house with lots of servants, carriages and horses. Happiness lies in the persons themselves, I think, not in the things they happen to possess. But lately—indeed ever since Tots was born—I have felt miserable at times to think my husband was practising such a deception on his uncle, who, in spite of his oddities, has always been kind and generous to him; and again and again I have begged Lance to risk all and tell him the truth. That you know, Jackie!"

Miss Jackman nodded solemnly, but made no remark.

"Last Monday," Cecily went on, "I tried again. The usual shooting invitation came—command rather, for of course Sir Geoffrey feels he has a right to expect Lance at the Park when there are visitors—and besides that he has set his heart on a marriage between my husband and an heiress who stays at Tresham a great deal; she is a Miss Carstairs, and Sir Geoffrey has been pressing Lance to propose to her for the past two years."

"Good gracious, my dear; he could not do such a thing! He would be tried for bigamy!" exclaimed Miss Jackman, in a shocked tone.

Cecily laughed in spite of her earnestness.

"Well, I don't suppose he would carry it out so far as that," she said. "But still, you see, Jackie dear, it's not pleasant, and it's all wrong, isn't it?"

"Wrong—I should think so! I call it highly improper," answered her listener, in a tone of outraged propriety.

"And so," continued Mrs. Tresham, "when I found Lance would not listen—that, in fact, he is entirely set upon keeping our marriage a secret till his uncle's death—a sudden idea took possession of me. It was caused by a letter that Sir Geoffrey wrote. He wanted a secretary—you know he is always developing a craze for something or other, and just now he has a literary turn. He is going to bring out some book he has written about Greamshire, and asked Lance in the note to find a female secretary for him. The engagement is only for a month, just to arrange and recopy his manuscript; and it struck me all at once that I might disguise myself and take the place. Lance would never know. We should not meet—I could easily manage to keep out of his way in that great house—and then I would try—oh, I would slave to make the old man like me—I am sure he is kind after a fashion! And then before I left I would try to summon up courage to tell him who I was, and how Lance married me when I was all alone and so miserable because father died; and about Tots. He could not resist Tots, Jackie, could he?"

Cecily's voice broke with a sudden sob; and Miss Jackman sniffed violently, but did not speak.

"I was sore and angry when I made the plan, I own that," continued Mrs. Tresham, after a pause. "I was disappointed because Lance seemed so careless about it, just as though his boy and I were nothing to him, while all the time I know he loves us dearly. I felt jealous, too—you see I am telling you everything. I hated, somehow, to think of my husband's even pre-

tending to make love to another woman when he belongs to me. I told Lance it was the deception that made me so unhappy; but it was not that only—it was the other feeling as well. "The idea of applying to the registry-office mentioned in Sir Geoffrey's letter for a situation as his secretary," added Cecily, "had quite a fascination for me. I knew he was to call there to-day, and I determined to go and see if he would offer me an engagement. Everything seemed to favor my scheme, for on Wednesday morning Lance received a telegram from a friend asking him to attend some races near York, so that he left London two days ago and will go straight from the North to Tresham without coming home first. Of course my disguise gave me a lot of trouble; my first idea was to dye my hair, but that was too difficult and dangerous; the wig is much safer and less easily detected, and, with a little practice, I found I could wear it without cutting my own hair short, which I feared I might have to do; as for my eyebrows, they are only paint."

Cecily dipped the corner of her handkerchief composedly into the slop-basin and deftly removed both of those facial adornments, much to Miss Jackman's horror.

"I felt fairly terrified this morning when it was time for me to go to the office," Cecily went on. "Before I started, I wrote you a note telling you to expect me to tea in the afternoon; I determined to call here on my way back, just to see if you would recognize me or not. I trembled all over while Sir Geoffrey was questioning me. In looks and manner he is very much what I expected from his photographs and Lance's description of him; but I think I can get on with him. Luckily there was only one other applicant for the place besides myself—a smart common kind of girl and quite unsuitable. I gave your name as a reference for my general respectability to the woman at the office, Jackie dear! It was well I thought of it, for she would not have booked me at all without; and before I had been there five minutes the old man arrived. He fancied me at once, I could see that; of course I had read his letter to Lance, and had dressed myself with the greatest care to suit the part. He engaged me directly," Cecily continued, "without a reference—you don't know how thankful I was for that. Of course no one else would have done such a thing, but I quite trembled when I gave Mrs. Simcox your address. If your name was mentioned before Lance, it would rouse his suspicions directly, but there is no danger of that now; the affair is settled so far, there can be no drawing back; and, although I hate myself for deceiving everybody, although I feel like a cheat and an impostor, and I feel nervous when I even think of what my husband would say and do if he found me out, still I am determined to carry the thing through at all risks, and you must do all you can to help me."

"Oh, my dear child, I don't know what to say!" cried Miss Jackman nervously. "It seems so dreadful to aid and abet you in doing what must be wrong; and yet I know you are sorely tired. But, oh, Cecily, my dear, remember that two wrongs don't make a right; that while you are blaming your husband for his deception with regard to your marriage—and I don't wonder at it, for, of course, he is acting very badly—still you are actually planning how to carry out a deliberate fraud under Sir Geoffrey's very roof, accepting an engagement under a feigned name, going down to the Park under false pretences, and, in short, acting a downright lie, without the excuse that circumstances have, in a measure, forced it upon you. My dear," added Miss Jackman, "mark my words—you will rue the day you go to Tresham in that hateful disguise. No—I must speak"—as Cecily hurriedly shook off the kind hand that was laid upon her shoulder. "Have patience with your husband a little longer; think of your child!"

The dogged look crept over Mrs. Tresham's pretty face once more, spoiling its natural expression.

"It is of him that I am thinking!" she exclaimed passionately. "It is all very well to preach, but nobody knows what it is to go on week after week, month after month, hoping and waiting, unless he or she has tried it. Yes, I know I was to blame at first; I ought not to have married Lance as I did, knowing nothing of his character or his prospects; but who was there to advise me then—a girl of nineteen, left quite alone, and as innocent of the world and its ways as a baby? All along my husband has deceived and misled me; I hate to admit it even to you, but he has. Even when we were first married, he re presented Sir Geoffrey to me as a feeble old man who could not live a year, and to whom any shock might prove fatal. I have seen him to-day for the first time, and find him hale and strong and no more like to die than you or I. It is madness," Cecily went on, "for Lance to fence with the situation any longer; every year the complications arising from what we have done grow more and more harassing. Let him confess his marriage and acknowledge his wife and son, as he ought, in the face of all consequences; and then, if his uncle does cast him off, I will work my fingers to the bone so that my boy shall grow up a gentleman and a credit to his parents, in spite of everybody!"

She clasped her slender hands with a sudden passionate force that left the knuckles white; then went on more quietly.

"I have a distinct end in view, and a good one, in trying to carry out my scheme. I am not—indeed I am not—trying to spite or punish Lance for refusing to acknowledge me. I love him too well for that. I can make allowances, now that I know him so thoroughly, for the pleasure-loving easy kind of disposition which finds it so dreadfully hard to face anything disagreeable; and I am not going to Tresham to spy upon my husband; but I do want to try to win the old man's goodwill. I shall discharge my duties as his secretary scrupulously, for you know how much copying I used to do for poor father; and all the time I shall be straining every nerve to earn Sir Geoffrey's approbation. Oh, I don't think it will be so very hard! When one tries to do a thing with all one's might, one generally succeeds at last; and then, if, some day just before the month is up, I could only dare to tell him the truth and say, 'I am Cecily Tresham, your nephew's wife; you never need fret any more about your name dying out, because our boy Tots is fit to be an emperor, let alone a baronet,' and Sir Geoffrey would give me a kiss, and send for Lance and say, 'Bless you, my children!' like an old man in a play, and—— Oh, Jackie, dear!"

For her listener, carried away in spite of herself by her old pupil's eloquence, was fairly sobbing outright.

"But, all the same, Cecily dear, although I don't question your motives, I don't think it is at all right," Miss Jackman persisted, drying her eyes after Mrs. Tresham had bestowed two or three hearty kisses upon her and setting her cap straight. "It is all very well to theorise beforehand on what you would do or say in exceptionally favorable circumstances; but suppose they do not occur, what a terrible risk you will have run for nothing! And then, if Captain Tresham should recognize you, or if he should cut his visit to the Park short and come home suddenly, what can we say to him if he finds you absent? And the child—what is to become of him while you are away on this wild-goose chase, pray? You don't seem to consider."

"Now don't croak, Jack dear," said Cecily gaily.

She had been busily employed, while Miss Jackman was speaking, in folding her precious wig in paper, placing it with great care within the recesses of the black bag, supposed to contain the tracts, and was now tying on her little black bonnet before the small looking-glass over the chimney-piece. That done, she came and stood once more at her old governess's side.

"Look here," she said firmly, "I have considered everything. I know the risk that I am going to run is great; but what does that matter if I am successful? I know quite enough of the household arrangements at the Park to feel sure I shall seldom or never come across my husband. The secretary has a small room adjoining the library for writing and reading in, and the bedroom communicates with it. The meals are served upstairs in this sitting-room; and, as I am going to pass as an invalid—I do hope I sha'n't forget to limp—I shall never go out unless I feel I must get a breath of fresh air. I mean to make friends," continued Cecily, "with whatever servant waits upon me, so as to keep myself informed of who visits and leaves the house. Of course, if I found Lance was going away, I would instantly pack up my things and tell Sir Geoffrey that important business called me home. I shall be prepared to do this at any moment if I find the situation getting too dangerous. Then about darling Tots. Of course you will keep your eye upon him. I feel I can trust Jane; she is a good steady creature, who has always had the care of him; and before I leave home I mean to tell her where I am going, and leave her a telegram form to fill up and send if anything should be the matter with the child. The girl is sharp, and devoted to him and to me. I will write to you, Jack dear, when I can, but that will not be often; for of course I must post my letters myself—it would never be safe to put them in the bag. Lance himself never writes to me from the Park for the same reason, and forbids my writing to him, which does away with one great difficulty—he will not expect to hear from me, you see. Now I think that is all. Come round to the Cottage on Tuesday morning and see me before I start. I shall want some one to wish me 'Good-bye' and God-speed badly enough; and I know you won't refuse me that, although you don't approve of what I am doing."

She gave Miss Jackman one more hasty kiss, buttoned her ulster closely round her, and ran out of the room. Following her to the front door and peering out into the gathering darkness, the old governess could just discern the slight figure crossing the road beneath the light of a solitary gas-lamp. It stopped, looked back, and waved its hand towards the watcher; then turned the corner and disappeared.

Miss Jackman shook her head and sighed deeply as she closed the door and went back to her snug sitting-room. Mikado, the cat, sitting in a thoughtful attitude before the fire, opened his green eyes and looked askance at his mistress as she came in.

"Yes, she's gone. Well, I can't help it!" exclaimed Miss Jackman, as though in answer to some unspoken comment from puss. "I've done my best to dissuade her from it, Heaven knows; for a madder, more impracticable scheme never took root in any one's brain; but Cecily always was so wilful! It was never of any use trying to make her give up what she'd set her heart upon—never!"

* * * * * *

"Train's late, Jackson. I only reached here just on the stroke of the hour, and I must have been waiting ten minutes and more."

Captain Tresham was the speaker. He was lounging up and down the little platform of Brierly Station, with a half-burned cigar between his lips, waiting for the arrival of the four o'clock train from London, and now stopped to speak to the station-master.

It was a still frosty November evening. The sun had set in a mass of red and purple, which still lingered in the western sky; overhead a pale star or two were already peeping forth in that faint gray; there was not a breath of wind, but the air was keen enough to cause Lance to button his thick overcoat across his chest while he waited.

"Why on earth can't they keep their time on this line, I wonder?" he remarked, in a rather fretful tone.

"Well, sir, 'tis at the junction, I expect, where the fault lies," said the station-master respectfully. "You see, being a single line, there ain't much traffic between this and Crossford. And it's opposition business besides; the two companies have split about it. But she won't be long now, Captain; she was signalled three minutes ago, and there she comes," added the man, pointing to where two white lights were to be seen just emerging from the dark mouth of a tunnel and gliding swiftly along the serpentine line that wound its way at the base of the low hills surrounding Brierly Station.

A few seconds later, and the train had discharged its freight upon the little platform—half-a-dozen workmen, two market-women with empty baskets, a fat farmer, a lean curate, and a fashionable young lady, who with her maid and an incredible amount of impedimenta in the shape of travelling-bags, rugs, and other sundries, emerged from a first-class carriage and approached the luggage-van, distributing, as she walked along, quite a strong odor of scent, which lingered in the still frosty air.

"One, two, three, the Russian-leather portmanteau makes four, and my Saratoga —— Heavens, Watkins, where is it? I am lost if my Saratoga has been left behind! The station-master must wire to London Bridge at once, or it may have got taken out at Crossford. Oh, there is Captain Tresham! See, there—there, Watkins, talking to that footman! Rush and ask him to find out what has become of my luggage!"

The young lady put up a pair of the "latest thing" in eyeglasses—a long tortoise-shell handle, encrusted with torquoises, surmounted by a gold-rimmed pince-nez—and gazed through it distractedly into the dark mouth of the van, which two porters were rapidly emptying of its contents; while the maid, a tall middle-aged individual, with a figure like a fiddle-case, buttoned tightly into a short black cloth jacket, and a mincing gait, advanced to where Lance Tresham stood interviewing a young footman in the Tresham livery.

"A young pusson, sir," explained the latter, "as was to arrive by this train. Miss Tresham told me I was particklar to look out for her. She said she could come on in the luggage-cart if Miss Carstairs couldn't make room in the carriage; if you'd please to ask Miss Carstairs, sir. Young pusson is sitting on the bench just behind."

"All right; I'll find out," said Captain Tresham hastily.

He gave a careless glance at the figure indicated by the man-servant—that of a small slender young woman dressed in black, wearing a black gauze veil tied down over her face, and sitting quietly on a wooden form close by, with one small box at her feet, and hurried off in obedience to the lady's-maid's summons towards where Miss Carstairs stood, still anxious as to the fate of her colossal travelling-trunk.

"Oh, Captain Tresham, what am I to do? Fancy Watkins being such an idiot as to let them leave half my dresses behind! If there is a dinner party at the Park to-night, I shall literally have nothing to wear; all my clothes were in the Saratoga, and—oh, there it is!"—rapturously, as the combined efforts of the guard and his assistants resulted in the appearance of the missing box from the inmost recesses of the van.

"I feel quite happy now," she rattled on. "Like the animals in Noah's ark, 'With Saratoga trunks they did arrive,' don't you know. And how rude I have been, never saying 'How-d'-ye-do,' all this time! But you'll forgive me, won't you? It's awfully jolly to find you here. I heard you were staying with Bertie Estridge for the Crumley meeting; he had a house-party for it last week, hadn't he?"

Miss Carstairs was stepping along the platform with a long even pace beside Lance as she said this—a tall finely-made young woman, of exuberant figure, which the combined arts of a first-rate corsetiere and lady's tailor render a perfect model of shapeliness. She had a boyish face, pleasant from its youthfulness—its short blunt features, brilliant red-and-white complexion, and square outline giving promise of coarseness later on—with a certain unmistakable stamp of bourgeoisie about her that eighteen years of elaborate education in every form, and seven more of unbridled luxury and extravagance as an heiress in society, had somehow failed to eradicate.

"Yes—Mabel Despard told me she was going. «I thought Bertie might have asked me; but she didn't," she went on, bouncing through the door of the little station, and out on to the wide white road, where a country cart or two, a seedy-looking fly, and the smart victoria from the Park, with its showy chestnuts and fur carriage-rug, awaited in the gray twilight the arrival of passengers by the down train. "Bertie never forgave me for spoiling sport between himself and Constance Gage, and does me an ill turn whenever he can, just to pay me out for it, I know; but he'll be caught in his own trap some day, I tell him. Spiteful people always are, aren't they, Captain Tresham?"—showing all her white teeth in a laugh, as he put her into the carriage and wrapped the fur round her.

"I don't know who could be spiteful to you, Polly. At any rate, you might reckon on plenty of avengers," replied her companion, with the easy gallantry of manner he always assumed towards Miss Carstairs, and a sentimental upward glance that made his handsome face look handsomer still.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MARRIAGE RING.—There are some curious matters connected with the marriage ceremony not unworthy the notice of our fair readers. The practice of marrying with the ring for females was adopted by the Greeks; the bride was modestly veiled, and after receiving the nuptial benedictions, was crowned with flowers. The ring, symbolic of eternity, having no termination, was given and received as a token of everlasting love. It was a presage of eternal contract among the Persians and Egyptians. Among the Romans, the gift of a ring was a badge of liberation from slavery. Married people can best explain whether it is so among the moderns.

THE original of Dickens' "Inspector Bucket" is now visiting friends in California. His name is James Tuckett. Formerly, when an Inspector of Scotland Yard, London, he frequently accompanied Dickens in his night excursions through the slums.

THE LAST WALK.

BY A. S. H.

With feeble, faltering, flattering feet she trod
Along the garden's grassy terraces,
Through all the rush of sweet spring harmonies,
Hearing the low, clear summons from her God.

The river sang along its willowed ways,
The thrushes filled the air with wooing trills,
And sweeping down the slope, the daffodils
Flashed back again the noonday's living blaze.

The "scent of violets, hidden in the green,"
Stole round her with the west wind's kisses soft;
The daisies glimmered pearl-like on the croft;
The blackthorn buds peeped, cleaving sheaths between.

The sweet, reviving miracle of spring,
Instinct with life, pervaded earth and sky;
While, "Look on it, and leave it, thou must die,"
Her doom amid it all was whispering.

I think the tears—that, to the patient eyes,
Dimmed all the glory of the April day,
Though still her Saviour whispered, "Come away"—
Were looked on very gently from the skies.

Sir Rupert.

BY A. W. L.

THERE were five winsome, handsome girls resting after the fatigues of a tennis match, in Mrs. Deignton's cool, well-shaded drawing-room.

Their brother, Will, had carried off their male visitors to see a new horse he had just purchased, and advantage was taken of the absence of the other sex to indulge in a feminine gossip.

"Mr. Lascelles is very agreeable, and I like his friend, the barrister," said Juliet Deignton, changing her position on the couch, to get a better view of herself in a pier-glass; "but neither is seen to advantage beside Sir Rupert. Don't you agree with me, Kitty?"

"And yet," responded the person addressed—she was writing at a table near the window, and scarcely stayed her rapid pen while she spoke—"and yet one is taller, the other decidedly better-looking."

"Perhaps; but they lack the something that makes him far nicer. Now, don't they?"

"Of course they do," exclaimed her younger sister, Maude. "Sir Rupert is a duck, and I don't care who hears me say so."

"Don't be so awfully childish, Maude," said the eldest Miss Deignton, in accents of rebuke. "It isn't ladylike to express yourself in those impetuous terms."

"And will draw down upon you a sharp lecture from cousin Kitty," added Marian, mockingly. "You know you cannot stir her to wrath more quickly than by praising Sir Ru."

Maude giggled. She was a hoyden of sixteen, who thought her saucy remarks were witty.

"I know why. Kitty's jealous because he is so blind to her charms."

The girl at the writing-table looked up, and her face flushed, but it was for a moment only, and she bent over the letter she was copying, without uttering the retort that had risen to her lips.

"Maude, your rudeness is intolerable!" cried the elder sister, Evadne. "Remember Kitty is our guest, as well as our relative, and though we may think her dislike of Sir Rupert Hatherley very unjust, and her criticisms in bad taste, it is not polite for you to comment upon what she says!"

"I think it is you who are unjust," said Kitty, exasperated at last into defending herself. "Why do all of you persistently wrangle with me about this young man? Why, we have only known him a few weeks; he is the merest acquaintance——"

"But the pleasantest we have made for a long time," interposed Juliet, sitting up to try the effect of certain curls she was training over her forhead. "Everyone here, mamma, papa, Will, in fact all of us, like him very much indeed."

"What for?" queried Kitty; and Marian threw up her hands, exclaiming:

"There! hark at her; doesn't this prove that I spoke truly when I said the disagreeable little puss hates, positively hates Sir Rupert?"

"But, indeed, I do not even dislike him," Kitty protested, vexed at being drawn into this dispute, yet too high-spirited to tamely endure with her tormentors. "I think him just what you, Juliet, have styled him, a remarkably pleasant acquaintance, but so are the brothers Ludlow, and Mr. Lascelles, and the friend he has brought with him to day. Am I expected to go into ecstasies with them all? and if not, why not?"

"Because," said Miss Deignton, warmly—"because they lack the fascination, which even you must admit, that Sir Rupert exercises over every one who comes in contact with him."

"Kitty is the exception to that rule," tittered Maude, finding her cousin remained silent; "it may be that the grapes are sour."

"Don't be coarse, child!" exhorted Juliet; "you have teased Kitty quite enough. She has a right to her own opinions, and, really, Sir Rupert, with his aristocratic languor and his 'insouciance,' is so utterly at variance with her ideal, the muscular, highly-gifted, extraordinary hero one only finds in romances, that her aversion to him is not surprising."

"Say what you will, I do not care!" Kitty retorted. "The men I admire are those who can pronounce their 'r's,' and are gifted with energy and industry. I cannot esteem a lazy man, who fritters his hours away in frivolous pursuits."

Two or three of Kitty's hearers responded together.

"Sir Rupert has no occasion to work. It would be absurd for him to join in a race for wealth. He inherits the fortune of his uncle, the late Baronet."

"A fortune made in trade—made by sheer hard, honest labor. Knowing that, I cannot understand how he can reconcile himself to spending it in amusing himself."

"Now Kitty is off on one of her pet fads!" exclaimed Miss Deignton, crossly. "One can easily predict her fate. She will enter a sisterhood or a hospital, or go and live in St. Giles's, like those dear friends of hers, and find her chief pleasure in reviling her more worldly relatives."

Kitty's laugh rang out gaily.

"Am I doomed to such a direful fate, just because I cannot always see with the eyes of my said relatives? Bother Sir Rubert Hatherley! I'm sick of the sound of his name!"

"Ah! Now you are weally cwuel—too utterly cwuel," said another voice, in a languid but very musical drawl. "I have been so happy here, in the charming society of my gentle friends, that it's quite painful—it is, I assure you—to hear myself spoken of in such cwushing terms. Hang me, bother me as much as your kindly nature will let you, but don't—pway don't—say you are sick of me!"

Kitty Deignton had risen to her feet, and was indignantly gazing at the saucy face peering at her through the sprays of jasmine that overhung one of the windows.

"Have you been listening, Sir Rupert?"

He assented, smilingly.

"Oh, yes; I'm afwaid so. In fact I have been here ever so long. If my cigawette hadn't been of the mildest, it would have betrayed me, wouldn't it?"

"What a confession!" tittered Maude. "Don't you see how you have shocked my cousin? Such proceedings are quite contrary to her ideas of honor."

"Awfully sorry, I'm sure," said Sir Rupert, as he slipped into the room and took possession of part of Juliet's sofa. "Can you spare me another cushion? Thanks. But we need not say any more about it, need we? I have had my punishment—listeners hear no good of themselves, don't you know—and borne it in silence, haven't I? Suppose we exchange mutual forgiveness, eh, Miss Kitty?"

With a haughty bow, Kitty resumed her occupation, provoked with herself that her hand was unsteady, and her cheek would burn.

Why would her cousins persist in forcing her into a false position with this comparative stranger?

That Sir Rupert was fairly good looking and intelligent, a very likeable young fellow, in spite of his fopperies, she was quite willing to acknowledge; and she could have enjoyed his visits, if she had not seen with scorn that his chief attraction to her cousins was his wealth.

Rich young baronets are not plentiful in country towns, and Sir Rupert's advent in Mistley made quite a sensation.

Yet the Deigntons had a happy home, and plenty of admirers. Their quiet, sensible father was vexed to see Evadne and Juliet snubbing a neighbor's son, and a gentleman farmer, for whose attentions they had been grateful until now; but Mrs. Deignton, more ambitious than her husband, secretly encouraged the aspirations of her daughters, observing to Kitty, in a confidential moment, that if either of her dear girls married a baronet, she would be able to introduce her sisters to far better "parties" than a squire's son, or a man who had nothing but a few acres of land to call his own.

Lookers on are proverbially known to see the chances of a game better than the actual players; and Kitty always observant, felt tolerably certain that Sir Rupert's admiration of her cousins was of a very lukewarm description; but she dared not arouse their indignation by hinting this. Nor, as her visit was drawing to a close, would she tax Evadne with the treachery, which, by an incautious admission, that young lady had revealed.

"Evadne knew Sir Rupert was within hearing," she told herself, resentfully. "Seated as she was, facing a window, she saw him come across the lawn, and incited me to talk as I should not have talked had I been aware he was so near. It was a spiteful trick, but I will not stoop to quarrel with her for it. As soon as my father returns from his voyage I shall go with him, back to our cottage on the coast, and stay quietly there for the future. I don't think I am adapted for polite society, for I detest shams and husband hunting, and never, never will I come to Mistley again!"

* * * * * *

A gipsy-party to some celebrated ruins a few miles distant had been arranged by the Deigntons, and, contrary to custom, the weather was propitious. No one had declined the invitations sent out, except a crusty old bachelor, whom nobody wanted. Mrs. Deignton's cook had excelled herself in her meat-pies, jellies, and jam-tarts; the dressmaker had sent home Juliet and Marian's costumes in good time, and they fitted admirably, while Evadne's new hat was so becoming, that her sisters quite envied her.

Never had gipsy-party a more harmonious commencement. The carriages were at the door, and the gentlemen, "quite a group of pleasant fellows," as Maude whispered, had assembled; all but Sir Rupert, who, as Mr. Lascelles explained, was merely staying behind to read his London letters, and Mrs. Deignton was about to give the signal for starting when the Baronet appeared.

He was unusually pale, and could not conceal that he was wrestling with some secret trouble as he offered his apologies.

"Awfully sorry to make a nuisance of myself; hope I haven't detained you, I'm sure. Quite unavoidable, but must be off to town immediately—business of too much importance to be delayed, and——"

And he was gone, deaf to the questions Maude did not hesitate to ask, and blind to the tenderly reproachful glance with which Juliet sought to detain him.

His sudden departure cast a gloom over the ladies of the party; but the brisk drive and the attentions of their male companions soon revived their spirits.

"Men with such large property as the Baronet possessed, were never entirely free from such calls upon their time," as Evadne told her sisters. "Wealth," and she sighed profoundly, "yes, wealth had its drawbacks as well as poverty; but they must have another picnic shortly to atone to poor dear Sir Rupert for being dragged away from this one."

It was only Kitty who seemed to suspect that there had been a greater cause for the young man's agitation than an appointment with his steward or his solicitor, and it was she alone who neither felt nor testified any surprise when Will Deignton, at the breakfast-table two or three days afterwards, startled his relatives with an astounding piece of news.

"Hallo! I say, here's a how-d'ye-do! I've a letter from Tom Burt. You need not sneer at the sound of his name, Miss Marian. He has secured an excellent berth at Liverpool, and he will be a rich man by-and-by, and then you'll wish you hadn't turned up your shapely nose at him because he was poor and carroty."

"That'll do, Will," said his father; "leave your sisters alone, and let us hear your news. Not another bank failure, I hope?"

"No, sir; but it's bad too. This is what Tom says. 'You know that young Hatherly, don't you? It was reported here that he was worth a plum; but anyhow he's lost it. Gone to smash completely. Was ass enough to be drawn into that great mining speculation. They say he'll not rake up enough out of it to find him in bread and cheese, let alone kid gloves—he was a regular swell, don't you know—or cigars.'"

There was a dead silence for a little while after Will finished reading, and as soon as Maude began to speak her cousin Kitty slipped away. She was so deeply affected by these tidings that she felt as if she could not bear to hear the comments that would be made upon them. Poor Sir Rupert! Often though she had scorned him for idling through life as if it had no duties, no responsibilities, she could not think of him now without finding her lip quivering, her eyes filling.

What an awful change for the gay, rich, thoughtless youth, to whom care and grief seemed unknown, to be thus suddenly deprived of all his possessions! How would he endure his losses? Bravely as those spoiled children of fortune sometimes do, or would they crush him?

For several days his image was ever before her, not smiling and happy as he was wont to be, but pale and troubled, as she had last beheld him; and it was quite a relief when, as she walked home from evening service on the following Sunday, the Baronet stood before her.

Kitty was alone, for Mrs. Deignton and Evadne generally considered themselves too tired to attend a second service, Marian and Juliet complained of headaches, and retired to their several chambers with an interesting book, and Maude frankly said that going to church twice in one day was too much. There was no one, therefore, to remark upon the start with which Sir Rupert was recognized, and the unfeigned gladness beaming from Kitty's soft gray orbs as she extended her hand.

Very silent and grave was the young man, as he walked beside her, responding, in monosyllables, to the few remarks she constrained herself to utter. It was not till they reached the avenue in which Mr. Deignton's house was situated, that he roused himself a little.

"It is delightful to see this pleasant spot again. I have passed the last few days, Miss Kitty, in dark, gwimy lawyer's offices, from which one emerges so awfully depressed that there's no shaking oneself free of the unpleasant sensations. However, I am not going to infect you with them," he added, in sprightlier tones. "Are all well at your uncle's? I regret not to have found either of the ladies at home."

"Not at home?" Kitty echoed.

"Yes, I called there half an hour ago."

"It must have been a mistake," she assured him, promptly. "My uncle has a new footman who does not take to his duties very cleverly. It must be through a misunderstanding of his that you were not admitted. But you will repeat your call to-morrow?"

He hesitated.

"You have heard, I suppose——"

"Ah, yes," she responded, "and you have our deepest sympathy."

She could not trust herself to say more, but as Sir Rupert walked back to his lodgings, he carried with him a very agreeable impression of the fair young face he had seen so eloquent with pity for him.

When Kitty entered the drawing-room, Mrs. Deignton was there with Evadne and Marian.

"I have just seen Sir Rupert," she told them. "John has been stupid enough to tell him you were out. Will you speak to the tiresome fellow about it?"

Mrs. Deignton "shemed," and looked at Evadne, who replied for her.

"It was not a mistake, Kitty. John had his orders. Mamma thinks with me, that, for Juliet's sake, we must drop Sir Rupert. We cannot permit him to continue his attentions to my sister under present circumstances."

Kitty retreated without venturing to breathe a dissenting word. In a worldly point of view, Mrs. Deignton was acting sensibly; she was considering the interests of her daughter, but was Juliet really in love with the Baronet, or he enamored of her beautiful but cold-hearted cousin?

She thought the last clause of the question answered as she caught sight, through the half open door of Juliet's room, of its occupant lying on the bed, with her face buried in her handkerchief.

She would have passed on, reluctant to intrude on the weeper, who recognized her footsteps, and called to her.

"Come here, Kitty. I am so wretchedly low-spirited this evening. Do try and say something comforting."

"Will it comfort you, dear," whispered Kitty, tenderly, "to know that I have just seen Sir Rupert?"

"What, has he come back? How very foolish. He might be sure that everyone here will cut him now he has made ducks and drakes of his property. It is that horrid Miss Sloperton who has upset me. You know what a gossip she is, and she declares positively that Cyril Ludlow has engaged himself to the plainest of Dr. Maberly's daughters—a girl I have always detested. To think that she should have snapped up so good a catch as Cyril Ludlow. It's too bad."

When Juliet looked up again, Kitty had fled, just retaining sufficient discretion to hold back the reproaches her disgust, her indignation, were prompting her to utter.

The next time she saw Sir Rupert, she had been to the library, changing some books for Maude, who was confined to her room with a cold.

The weather was unfavorable for walking, yet she not only allowed him to saunter by her side, but took the route towards the pleasure gardens, deserted in the rain by all other visitors.

"I have come here," she began, in tremulous accents, and pausing under the first clump of trees, "because I wanted to beg of you, Sir Rupert, to take courage and rouse yourself at once. Don't let your misfortunes get the mastery, nor sit down and brood over them."

"What would you have me do?" he demanded, gazing at her curiously.

"I would have you begin the world bravely, and make yourself a new and better fame than you ever had as a rich man. Exert the talents I am sure you possess, and work steadily and hopefully. You can, I am sure you can. Make the effort, and I know you will not fail."

"But how am I to begin? Do you think your uncle would endure what you are saying? That he has sufficient faith in me to help me make this fresh start?"

Kitty winced, but answered hurriedly:

"I had thought of that. Here is the address in London of dear friends of my own, the Reverend Austin Daly and his wife. Will you go to them, tell them exactly how you are situated, and be guided by their advice?"

One long look at the gloomy, tearful face raised to his, and Sir Rupert answered firmly:

"I will."

* * * * * *

Months passed before Kitty heard anything more respecting the Baronet, except what was conveyed in one of Mrs. Daly's brief notes.

"You were a darling to send Sir Rupert to us; he has proved an invaluable helper to Austin. He knows I am writing to you, and bids me tell you not to forget him entirely."

Neither did Kitty. When she had bidden a cold adieu to the Deigntons, and was doing her best in a pretty cottage by the sea, to induce her father, an old sea captain, to make no more voyages. Her thoughts often went astray. She would have given a great deal to know what Sir Rupert was doing, and if he had quite resigned himself to poverty.

But some feeling, to which she could not give a name, restrained her from asking questions; and she did not see her friends till she went to town with her father six months after she left the Deigntons.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Daly were delighted to see her, and display the improvements made since her last visit in the block of buildings, of which a church in a new and very poor district was the centre.

"A new aisle built? Oh, yes! thanks to Sir Rupert; and we have to thank him also for our parsonage. You know what close, dingy rooms we had before; and the infant school has been enlarged and renovated at his expense. Indeed, he is Austin's right-hand, and always doing something to help us."

"But—but," stammered Kitty, "I don't understand. The last time I saw him he had lost all his money."

"Oh, no; that was his cousin Gerald, who has been a great anxiety to him. But here he comes to explain everything better than I can."

"You'll not be vewy angwy at my keeping you in the dark?" queried Sir Rupert, in the old drawl, yet contriving to get possession of both the hands of the confused girl. "But the temptation was wesistless. 'She thinks me an indolent do-no-good,' I said to myself; 'and I have given her reason to despise me. Indeed, she has taught me to despise myself. So I will do as she bids me. I will work, and put the good gifts bestowed on me to better uses; and when I have done that, and not till then, I will go to her and say, Kitty, my best friend, my truest teacher, bless me, and crown my life with your love.'"

Nor was it denied to him.

Much to the astonishment of the Deigntons, Hatherley Hall is being redecorated for the reception of a bride, and that bride will be their cousin Kitty.

A SINGLE bee, with all its industry, energy, and innumerable journeys it has to perform, will not collect more than a teaspoonful of honey in one season, yet the total weight of honey taken from a single hive is often from 60lb. to 100lb.—a profitable lesson to man of great results from united labor.

THE most astonishing results in healing wounds have been shown by Salvation Oil.

HIGHLAND SUPERSTITIONS.

A hundred years ago it was customary all over the Highlands of Scotland for a young man, desirous of taking to himself a wife, to go through a ceremony which, in many respects, resembled the marriage customs of some South Sea Islanders of the present day.

When a Corydon and a Phyllis had come to an understanding between them, and decided that nothing but matrimony would meet the needs of their case, the swain called a meeting of both his and the lady's relatives upon a hill top conveniently near to both. One member of the prospective bride's family waited upon the spokesman of the other, and after the formal question, "Peace or war?" learned (not for the first time probably) how matters stood, and reported accordingly to headquarters, where there ensued a consultation, which resulted, of course, in the granting of the demand.

Then came a second message from the groom asking for a portion with the maiden, and this was followed by a conference in which the nature and the amount of the dot were determined and other preliminaries adjusted.

This was a hundred years ago, but it is a curious illustration of the prevalence of obsolete old customs that this one should survive—as it does in some of the more remote Highland villages—down to our own time; notwithstanding the intercourse with the Southrons, of which in the present century the Gaels have had more than a little.

Numerous other curious old customs, and equally curious superstitions have defied the same refining influence, and are practised and believed in with implicit confidence. The old women who still consider it the correct thing for people to meet upon an eminence to settle their marriage contracts have it also from their mothers that the most effective way of warding off evil influences is for a young man before going to church to be wedded to place a piece of silver under his heel and to leave the latchet of his left shoe loose.

On a par with this is the practice—carried on, we are assured by a friend, in some of the western islands—of throwing a live coal into the water in which a new-born baby is bathed; not to heat the water, but to act as a preservative of another kind. In Breadalbane they used, down to a comparatively recent time, to put one end of a newly cut ash stick into the fire, and give the infant a drop of the juice which gushed out at the other end. In the same place the ignorant have been known to pour upon the ground a little of the milk that is brought to table, as a sop, not to Cerberus, but to the fairies.

Nowadays there are special legal enactments in connection with cattle suffering from disease, but it is within the memory of living men that drastic measures of a singular kind were employed to eradicate the "black spauld," as it was called. The first cow seized was commonly burnt alive in a plot over which the rest of the herd were compelled to march backwards and forwards, so that they might thereby escape the infection. Sometimes the leg affected was cut off, and hung up in some conspicuous part of the house or "byre," and there left suspended, notwithstanding the danger of infection. In the Ochtertyre Papers, it is stated that the heart of the beast was taken out alive and the carcass then buried; but this was the last century, when men possessed—or at least exhibited—less of the milk of human kindness in their dealings with their fellow men and with the inferior orders of being.

People in the more out of the way districts still ascribe such illnesses as these, and many more which manifest themselves nearer home, to the agency of malefficent spirits, or even spiteful neighbors gifted with a knowledge of witchcraft. They are not without charms to counteract such visitations.

Capnomancy, or divination by means of smoke, is believed in in Nether Lochaber. Quite recently a man went to market at a considerable distance to sell a colt, but did not return on the expected day. His spouse grew uneasy—not so much on account of her husband as to whether he had disposed of the colt—and adopted a very common device to ascertain the true position of affairs. She made a large fire on her hearth, and placed on the top a bundle of green alder boughs. When the whole was fully ablaze, she went outside, and observed the direction taken by the smoke. It went eastward—a lucky quarter; and the good lady returned into the house and assured her daughter that, whatever had come over the father, the colt had at least been sold for a good sum.

The smoke had gone in the direction of the rising sun, and she had never known the omen fail. Her faith in the process probably received a fresh confirmation, when her delinquent husband came home an hour or two afterwards, and poured into her lap the sum of two pounds four shillings over and above the price they had expected to receive for the animal.

The Rev. Alexander Stewart, of Ballachulish, tells us that the alder branches must be cut specially for the occasion by an unmarried young woman; else the smoke will drift to all the four quarters of heaven.

This same authority informs us further that he has himself known people to pour libations of milk to the fairies on particular spots deemed sacred to them, and to utter charms when passing those bright green circles known as fairy rings; and in a friend's house he encountered a housekeeper who most religiously broke up every empty egg shell, "for fear a witch should get hold of it and use it as a boat in which to set to sea in order to raise violent storms and cause innumerable shipwrecks."

A very curious survival is the "dead bell," which is a kind of tinkling in the ears, denoting the decease of some relative or close friend. Sometimes it is more than a mere tinkling: it is a loud and very pronounced sound, as of "solid metal striking hollow metal;" and the number of cases on record of this sound being heard in premonition of a death is legion. Philosophers pooh-pooh the old thing away, but the people still believe and declare (often truly enough, it would seem) that the "dead bell" is ringing in their ears.

To spit at a person is, in nearly all countries, expressive of the utmost detestation and contempt for that person; but in the superstitions of Scotland this act is supposed, in certain circumstances, to be counteractive of evil influences, and, therefore, a highly meritorious piece of business.

A "wise woman of Badenoch recently spat in a baby's face because it yawned (which showed that the fairies were playing their tricks), and received the thanks of the parents for the act, whereby the infant was preserved from all machinations of the elfish folk for the future. The women of the fishing villages of the coast regularly spit on the boats as they go off to the grounds, to ensure a good haul; and when handline fishing, a man who has had little luck and is getting impatient, as he baits his hook afresh, spits on it before dropping it in the sea again, with the belief that by so doing his luck will change. And in many parts of Scotland, old women will spit on the bandage of a bruised or broken limb, with the same engaging belief in its efficacy.

Not many years back, a certain small farmer was prosecuted for having done grievous bodily harm to an old woman of his neighborhood. In court it came out that the lady was a witch, who had caused disease and death among the other's cattle. The assault complained of consisted in "crossing" her—that is, cutting a cross in the skin of her forehead so deeply that the blood flowed down on her face.

This was to render her impotent so far as injury to his or his neighbors' cattle was concerned; and though the offender was heavily fined by a matter-of-fact Judge, he went away quite pleased with himself for having successfully unwitched one so notoriously unlawful.

As a final illustration of the "backwardness" of some of our good folk in the Highlands, we may relate the following: A Synod was being held in a rather large town in the north, and the streets were enlivened with an unusual number of black coats. A good woman rushed into a shop at which she dealt, and asked, breathlessly, if the news was true.

"What news?" was the counter question.

"Why, that this is th' day the devil's to come for Sandy Grogan's soul, and that a' the meenisters are here th' day to prevent him takin' it awa'!"

"Must be pretty cold out your way," he observed to a farmer who had just come in to market with his whiskers full of frost. "Yes, tolerable." "What did your thermometer register?" "I hadn't none." "I should think you'd want to know how cold it was." "No, I don't keer much. I kin allus tell by touching my tongue to the axe whether its last summer or this winter."

A NEGLECTED cough may lead to consumption, therefore, take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Scientific and Useful.

AUTOMATIC SCUTTLE.—An ingenious man has invented an automatic coal-scuttle, which, on the pressure of a pedal, shoots a lump of coal into the fire.

FOR LAZY HORSES.—A resident of Riverside, Cal., owns a lazy horse. He fixed a battery in the buggy to give the animal an electric shock occasionally instead of using a whip. He was to press the button with his foot, and the electricity was to do the rest. At the first pressure, however, the horse kicked the carriage so hard that some portions of it have not come down yet.

COTTON.—Among the new applications of cotton is its use, in part, in the construction of houses, the material employed for the purpose being the refuse, which when ground up with about an equal amount of straw and asbestos, is converted into paste and this is formed into large slabs or bricks, which acquire, it is said, the hardness of stones, and furnish a really valuable building stock.

IN BOOK-BINDING.—Yet another application has been found for metal, which is now being substituted for card-board in bookbinding. This novelty is known as the "British Pollisfort" binding, and it consists in the use of thin sheet metal for covers. The metal is specially prepared, and the cover may be bent and straightened again without perceptible damage. The metal is, of course, covered with the leather usually employed in bookbinding, and the finished book presents no difference in appearance except in the greater thinness of the cover.

SEA-WEED.—A chemist has found a way for turning to account the practically illimitable quantity of sea-weed that the ocean supplies. He boils the weed with carbonate of soda, and treats the filtered solution with sulphuric acid, obtaining from it a substance than has more viscosity than starch, or even gum arabic, and that can be profitably employed in stiffening various textile fabrics. From the cellular and fibrous matter left,—to which he has given the name of "algulna,"—a very good quality of writing paper can be cheaply made.

Farm and Garden.

FENCES.—All wire fences are made visible to stock by attaching scrap tin to the top wire. A good use for waste product.

CHURNING.—It is now conceded by experts in dairy matters that from twenty to forty minutes churning produces the best results in butter both for quantity and quality.

TREES.—It is best not to cut young trees back in the fall, but perform the work in the spring. If cut back now the trees will require another pruning in the spring should any portion of the trees be winter killed, which is liable to happen every season.

DAMP WALLS.—A wall that is inclined to be damp may be made impervious to moisture by applying a varnish of one part shellac to two of naphtha. The disagreeable odor soon departs and it is ready to be papered as soon as dry.

TOO OLD.—If there are any ewes in the flock that are too old to be of service the best time to sell them is in early fall, when they will be in good condition as they will reach. When aged the ewes require more grain in the winter to make them fat than they are worth. Keep the grain for the use of more profitable and younger stock.

IN BREEDING.—Experiments made demonstrate that in-breeding of swine has done more than its share to spread the hog cholera, debility rendering the animals incapable of withstanding the attacks of the disease, as well as causing them to be more susceptible to it. A breeder who used boars of different breeds every season, such as Berkshire, Poland, China and Essex, found that the disease rarely appeared and the animals more quickly recovered.

FEW REMEDIES, after sixty years trial and constant use, retain their position as the best; yet, such is the case with Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge. Whether as a tonic or strengthener in dyspepsia in adults, or the indigestion and derangements of the stomach in children, it is simply invaluable; and as a Worm remedy, it is one of the most safe and best. Sold by all Druggists.

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Common Parlance.

A writer, who wishes to be considered more witty than the rest of his countrymen, startles us with the declaration that there are four hundred and ninety-seven languages on the earth besides "ogling, or the language of the eyes." If we are reduced to count that unwritten and unspoken language, why should we omit others? There is that of the fingers, of the forehead, the language of the shoulders or shrug language, and various motions and expressive signs of the limbs, including that of peculiar significance among certain savages which consists in slightly moving the patella, or knee cap. There is that which is given by a grunt, and there are also the innumerable languages of animals.

Do dogs talk one with another? Do horses, as Swift observed, hold conversations over their oats and interchange opinions on their hay?

But it is not to this uncommon parlance that we would allude, but to one which is spoken everywhere, which dwells upon the tip of every tongue, and which in town and country is equally understood and used. Everybody speaks it, high and low life indulge in it, yet its name is a vulgar one, nothing less than "slang."

Now, what is slang? We have a compilation which may answer the question. It is called a "Dictionary of Cant, Slang and Vulgar Words." Vulgar, from vulgus, common; cant here not meaning hypocrisy, but from the same derivative as our canto, chant, incantation, the Latin cantare, to sing, something sung over, a senseless repetition in fact, or something repeated without a strictly assigned meaning.

It would be an interesting but a somewhat difficult matter to point out all the "cant" words used amongst politicians; many of the party cries have been cant, but have since been adopted in the language.

And as in politics, so has slang or cant entered business. To be a "pushing" tradesman, to do a "roaring" trade, to sell at an "alarming sacrifice," to be in a particular "line," and to "dress your window" with tickets at "awfully low prices," are all phrases with which every one who passes through a city street or a country town is familiar. Yet each phrase is slang. Words are used out of their natural meanings and twisted into strange positions.

What can one mean by saying he is in the public "line," or the grocery "line," or the pawnbrokering "line?" Why should credit be termed "tick," assistants "counter-jumpers," or a dishonest tradesman be said to "let his creditors into the hole?"

The only answer we can suggest is the great fondness for symbolism which exists amongst all people. We cannot speak in a straightforward way. We must deflect and turn off either to the right or the left. In this symbolism Pride has a great part. Tradesmen are no longer simple shopkeepers. A shop is now a "magazine" or an "emporium;" a haircutter keeps a "saloon;" a dealer has a "depot;" and the very dustman who takes away our cinders is a "contractor." So again, a common publichouse is a "tavern," a larger one mounts up to "an hotel."

Symbolism is seen perhaps to its greatest extent in regard to that most pleasant visitant and true friend, money. Collectively or in the piece this "is insulted by no less than one hundred and thirty slang words," many of them of great antiquity, others of more modern growth; indeed it may be said that its names are growing and increasing day by day. It is the circulating medium, the ready, the rhino; the needful, mopusses, stuff, yellow boys, ochre, and palm oil. It bears also the names of the beans, brads, brass, blunt, dust, dibbs, and coppers.

Not only among the poor but amongst the rich these slang expressions are extant. The man who believes that poetry is all nonsense, that fancy is dead, and that symbolism is very stupid nonsense, yet talks about his "cool" hundred, or his friend being worth a "plum."

As to its prevalence, we may here remark that anything which is thought a happy expression travels fast and spreads widely. Take, for instance, that equally improperly formed and misused noun and adjective, "stunner" and "stunning." It is not very many years ago when the words were confined to the lowest society. The stage and the newspaper also circulate common words, which get welded as it were into the language. "What an idea!" and "How provoking!" both used now by every one, were once vulgar and slang expressions. "Don't you wish you may get it?" and "over the left," are growing more common and less objectionable.

In slang, as in everything, even in the deepest depths there is a deeper still. Deepest of all, perhaps, is the slang of the prize-ring. Knocking a man down is there "grassing him;" to blacken his eyes, to "shut up his shutters;" his teeth are "ivories," his nose a "smeller," his eyes "peepers," and his mouth a "kisser;" the poor fellow's chest or stomach is his "bread-basket," his jaws a "potato trap;" and if he gets such a blow upon his head as knocks him senseless, his adversary is declared to have made "such a stunning investment on his nob as made him kiss his mother earth." Here, as we have before noticed, is symbolism carried to its greatest extent; it becomes tiring, nauseous, and vulgar.

The antiquity of this curious kind of language is now all that we have space to refer to; and we shall have to show that, after all, slang is not the production solely of the ignorant, and that there is a considerable under stratum of sound learning at the bottom of it. The word "bore," a troublesome, tiresome fellow, is common enough. Shakspeare uses it.

"Bosh" is Persian, and signifies therein, we are told, what we now understand by it, nonsense. Many of our slang words are simply old English provincial words. One kind of common parlance we may all notice and all avoid, and that is the misuse of words, and the great exaggeration in the use of adjectives, which may safely be called "a "young lady's slang.

She calls her gown a "sweet thing," when it has not a particle of sweetness about it; a pie is "beautiful," and a piece of beef "lovely." In each of these common phrases the adjective is, as the young ladies would say, "frightfully" misused.

People who are rich—and by the way riches are always exaggerated—have "heaps" of money, or as young men say "lots of tin." If two young ladies walk a mile, they have been an "immense" distance, and are "enormously" tired.

This fault has not been confined to our age; Doctor Johnson once addressed a gentlewoman thus: "Madam," said he, "you do not understand the use of words. You say with a smile that you are enormously vexed and immensely chagrined; so far as I can see, there is nothing enormous or immense about the matter." The reproof was a just one, and is needed as much now as then; if a little more common sense were used, we should have considerably less vulgarity in our common parlance.

ONE fretter or despairer can destroy the peace of a family, can destroy the harmony of neighborhoods, can unsettle the councils of cities, and hinder the legislation of nations. He who frets or desponds is never the one who mends, who repairs evil; more, he discourages, enfeebles, and too often disables those around him, who, but for the gloom and depression of his company, would do good work and keep up brave cheer. The effect upon a sensitive person in the mere presence of such a being is indescribable. It is to the soul what a cold icy mist is to the body—more chilling than the bitterest storm.

TRUE humility never prompts any one to underrate himself, or to make loose and general confessions of weakness and wickedness, the particulars of which he would indignantly resent. It is as far removed from "the pride which apes humility" as from the pride which struts in haughty arrogance. It leads to a lowly estimate of self, not that we may shrink and crouch and stoop, but that we may aspire and strive and rise. It is the beginning of a higher life, the promise of a nobler future.

THE Chinese have a proverb to the effect that if you keep a serpent in a bamboo it remains straight, but directly you let it out it resumes its crooked nature. So it is with many men. They are placed in circumstances which act as a restraint upon them, and they seem to be walking aright; but take that restraint away, and they soon show by their lives that the nature of the old serpent is in them still.

IN common familiar every-day intercourse we can get the sympathy for which we yearn only from the firm sweet natures that are not easily flurried by every passing cloud or carried away by trivial excitements.

TRY to be happy in the present moment, and put not off being so to a time to come—as though that time should be of another make from this, which has already come and is ours.

IT is curious to note the old sea-margins of human thought. Each subsiding century reveals some new mystery; we build where monsters used to hide themselves.

PASSIONATE expression and vehement assertion are no arguments, unless it be of the weakness of the cause that is defended by them, or of the man that defends it.

"HAPPINESS," it has been finely observed, "is in the proportion of the number of things we love, and the number of things that love us."

THE worst form of ingratitude is, to refuse to accept a favor from the hands of a person to whom you have had the pleasure of rendering one.

THE good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished; but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

S. A. R.—The German Poet Goethe's name is pronounced as though spelled "Ga-ty." The "a" as in "fate."

CARRIE.—Men who marry sisters are brothers-in-law to the sisters only. They themselves are not related by the marriage.

BESSIE.—The course of true love never did run smooth, and as yours is true love you must expect a few storms. As, however, you are really in love with each other, there can be doubt that with patience and faith things will come right in the end.

E. W. J.—Cain is said to have married a native of the land of Nod, situated, it is presumed, to the east of the Garden of Eden, where he had taken up his abode after murdering his brother. The name of this woman is not mentioned in Holy Writ.

A. S.—A verbal contract, without witnesses, is not a legal agreement, and should it choose to repudiate it, A would be required to produce proof besides his own word that such verbal contract had been made; otherwise, he could not recover any wages or other money claimed.

PUZZLED.—Brande says: "The discovery of perpetual motion has always been a celebrated problem in mechanics, on which many ingenious, though in general ill-instructed, persons have consumed their time; but all the labor bestowed on it has proved abortive. In fact, the impossibility of its existence has been so fully demonstrated from the known laws of matter, that it is rather an insult than a praise to say of any one that he has occupied himself with the research."

J. L. R.—It is not customary to keep windows draped in mourning for any particular time, except in commemoration of the death of some distinguished person under circumstances which render his decease a public calamity. The shortest time in which it is at all permissible for a widow to put off the deepest mourning is at the expiration of one year after the death of her husband, and it is customary for her to wear deep mourning for at least two years.

NELLIE.—Camphor is a good preservative, but it evaporates very readily, and wants renewing; the best thing of all is to take out your furs frequently and hang them in the air, shaking and brushing them. Moths are among the creatures that hate air and light. You can kill them in a carpet with a damp cloth and a hot iron. Put the cloth moderately wet on the spots where you suspect the grubs to be, and then go over it with as hot an iron as it will bear; the steam and heat will effectually kill the insects.

LAZY DICK.—"Bear and forbear" is all well enough, but it argues a kind of negative character where it entails a senseless submission to others' caprices or tyranny. A proper self-assertion is equally a right and a duty where your privileges are abridged and your methods questioned. Since you have succeeded in discovering that the motive of the tyranny is selfish and sordid you certainly will be "justified" in resenting it. If the business is to your taste, and there is profit in it, better pursue it without a partner and thus be independent.

REILLY.—The phœnix is a bird fabled in Grecian mythology as living in Arabia, and resembling an eagle, with wings partly red and partly golden. On arriving at the age of 500 years it built a funeral pile of wood and aromatic gums, and lighting it by the fanning of its wings, was consumed to ashes, out of which arose a new phœnix. The fathers of the church employed the myth to illustrate the resurrection, and several of the Roman emperors used it on coins to typify the return of the golden age under their rule.

LILLIE.—It is unfortunate that you are unable to secure any more than passing attentions from the young man to whom you have taken such a fancy, and any effort on your part to "win him" would probably have a contrary effect than that desired. Beauty of face and form does not go for much if a young lady is amiable and attractive in her manners and tidy in her appearance. Probably if you were to unbend your natural reserve, and be more cordial in your manner, it would encourage him, as he has already expressed to others a preference for your society.

D. T. L.—Charcoal may be procured from other sources than wood. Most animal and vegetable substances yield it, when ignited in close vessels. When bones are made red-hot in a covered crucible, a black mass remains, which consists of charcoal mixed with the earthy matters of the bone. It is called ivory-black or animal charcoal. Carbon is the name given to the pure inflammable part of charcoal, of which substance the diamond is only a variety in a pure crystallized state. A very pure charcoal may be procured from starch or sugar, and from the oil of turpentine or spirit of wine, by passing their vapor through tubes heated to redness.

P. W. F.—To bleach cotton pure white, boil for three hours in water containing one gill to the gallon of either caustic potassa or caustic soda; wash well from the lye, then lay the fabric to steep for four or five hours in cold water containing one pint of bleaching liquor to the gallon; then lift out and steep for an hour in a sour of one wine-glassful of sulphuric acid to the gallon of water; lift and wash well; then boil for two hours in a caustic lye, half the strength of the first; wash from this, and steep again for four hours in a clean sour, made in the same manner as the first. Wash well from this and dry. A little smalt blue is put into the last washing water to clear the white.

UNREST.

BY M. FALCONER.

The rose that is perfect to-day is blown over-
fall to-morrow;
Life is nothing but change, and change is
nothing but sorrow.

The days that dawn and die, the moons that
wax and wane,
The seasons that freeze and burn, the rain
and the crop and the grain,

Are symbols of change unchanging, of cycles
whirling by,
The living aping the dead, and ripe in their
turn to die.

Where shall our feet find rest? Or is there a
rest to find?
Is rest a dreamy delusion shaped by a restless
mind?

A rainbow arching our sky, looked on but
never possest?
Our feet must stumble on, while our hearts
cry out for rest.

The world sways back and forth, suns kindle
and flash and die,
Our stars arise and set till the dawn of
eternity.

"Jenny Wren."

BY A. M. T.

"A LETTER from Robin!" quoth Miss Sarah. "Now perhaps we shall get to the bottom of this strange silence of his."

Miss Sarah, as she stood well in the light of the morning sun, was not exactly a fascinating type of women. She was tall and lank, her face worn a severe expression, her eyes were keen and sharp. She was the kind of person who never connects herself with those to whom the "Thou shalt not" is aimed; commandments passed over her head to the feeble folk who cannot be a law unto themselves. As an example, Miss Sarah went to church, and sat there unflinchingly at her post in the equally grim, unflinching pew.

Miss Sarah was a leading spirit, but, in her own heart she acknowledged her limitations; in her scientific work, there were times when she had to stand aside while her brother's deeply reflective, original brain made the deductions which it took her hours of laborious work to follow. Miss Sarah was no fool, she recognized her limitations, but within them she was a tyrant, ruling Robin, her only relative, with a rod of iron, so that outside of his work he scarcely dared express a contrary opinion to that advanced by his sister. This does not prove that Robin was necessarily a weakling in character, it is rather suggestive that Miss Sarah could be—was very dominant.

Robin was less vigorous in physique than Miss Sarah, so an attack of influenza brought him to the boundary-land of all knowledge, and he was recalled only after anxious hours of watching; then he was sent for three months to the Riviera. Miss Sarah went on so far as she was able with his scientific work, receiving suggestions occasionally from the absent scientist; but lately his brief letters had been more brief than ever, so Miss Sarah perceived his handwriting to-day with satisfaction.

"I'll read it as I take my breakfast," she soliloquized, slowly cutting open the envelope.

Miss Sarah did read the letter, but her breakfast was sent away untouched, while she paced the study with hasty strides, all but swearing in her wrath.

"DEAR SARAH—I'm married. I daresay it will be nice for you to have a woman's company sometimes when you are tired of your work. I shall be home next week. You will love Jenny, I am sure; she is very pretty and intelligent."

"When I want a woman's company," said Miss Sarah, "I will choose the woman. Married! She is very pretty! Oh, Robin, you fool! you fool! Is there no man who can look below the surface, and seek for more in woman than pretty looks? Fool! fool! fool!"

She stamped her foot with rage, a hideous expression convulsed her features. Then she calmed herself, and glanced round the study at the abstruse works lining the walls from floor to ceiling; she remembered Robin's absent-minded habits, his intense application to his work, and—smiled. It was a cruel, hard smile.

"Pretty, intelligent, loved! My lady will have to be something more than these to oust me from my place at Robin's right hand. And—she can not, shall not!"

* * * * * *

It was a bright April day when Robin handed his young wife from the carriage, and led her through the old-fashioned garden to the threshold of his home. Miss Sarah, stiff and severe, stood at the open door.

"Here is our little song bird, my little Jenny Wren," said the philosopher, as deeply in love as a philosopher knows how to be. "She is a sunbeam, and will make the old home cheerful for us sages."

"I don't like a noise," said Miss Sarah, harshly, giving Jenny a cold hand to shake, "and I don't like changes. If you want amusement and gaiety, you ought not to have married, Robin."

The brightness died out of the girl's young face; she looked at Robin for protection from this cruel tongue, but Robin, always influenced by his sister's opinion, looked at the pink and white young creature as though he realized all at once that she did not harmonize with the surroundings—the dull, prim old home—the prim, precise Miss Sarah.

"I am young," said Jenny's clear treble, trembling a little, "but I can learn. At school they said I was quick, and—and—I mean to help Robin, not hinder him."

Miss Sarah's laugh was aimed at this speech. It cut like a knife into the sensitive girl's heart; deriding such effort, such appalling ignorance of the depth of knowledge required by one who would help a scientist.

Robin should have interposed on Jenny's behalf, but Robin was not of a sensitive temperament, and his abstruse studies had not sharpened his perceptions. He had come to the wise conclusion also by this time, that he had married Jenny as much for Sarah's sake as his own; and of course the women thus brought together would love one another, so he strolled off to look at the pile of letters awaiting him without a qualm, leaving Jenny to Miss Sarah's tender mercies.

What Miss Sarah made the sensitive girl suffer in that brief hour, a life-time of happiness could scarcely blot out; but not a sign did Jenny give of the pain she felt. White as a wraith, she accepted all in silence—this was Robin's sister; she had promised Robin to love his sister.

"And," said Miss Sarah, finally, when the survey of the house was over, "as you are young and fond of amusement, I shall continue to keep the keys, and do duty as housekeeper. You can make the tea if you like—that's a fussy kind of thing I don't care for, people have such whims about sugar and cream. Brains are intended for better work than remembering such nonsense. Robin always has had to drink his tea as I chose to make it at the moment. But you've got nothing better to do, you can take it in hand."

A red spot burned in Jenny's cheeks; her blue eyes gave a look into Miss Sarah's face that affected the grim woman strangely. It was a rebuke, the first the lady had ever received for years untold. She pushed aside an obtrusive idea that the young creature before her, notwithstanding her beauty, had plenty of character within this pink and white envelope.

Any latent hope left to Jenny of being a comfort and help to Robin in his work was soon destroyed. Determined not to be thrust aside by Miss Sarah, she quietly entered the study, and made her way to her husband's side. She bore a vase of sweet peas in her hand, which she set beside the workers; the fragrance from the cluster roses at her belt pervaded the room with their lovely messages. Miss Sarah took no notice of the intruder, she went on with her work without the quiver of an eyelid. Robin on the other hand lifted dreamy, abstracted eyes, gazing at Jenny as though she were but a vision, not in any way connected with his strife. As she set down the vase of flowers he appeared to collect his thoughts.

"Now, Robin," said she, with the beaming smile of youth and hope, "I am ready to help you."

Robin awoke to reality, for the nonce the philosopher in love. He took a sheet at random from a pile at his side, passed it over to her with an indulgent smile.

"Copy that," said he.

Jenny sat down quietly. She did not intrude her personality. In five minutes even Miss Sarah had forgotten she was there. In five more minutes she had glided noiselessly away. Her page was copied with exquisite neatness. Why had Jenny fled? Ere one line was finished she had seen through Robin's artifice. It was a wholly unnecessary piece of work; he was treating her as a toy, a child. All the woman in Jenny rose in rebellion, and she stole softly away—never to return.

"Give me that page," said Miss Sarah's harsh voice, when Robin exclaimed wonderingly, "Why, Jenny's gone away!

"She writes a good hand, better than you or I; firm and neat," was the grim verdict. Robin did not hear it, he was deep in abstract thought. Miss Sarah got up viciously, took the sweet peas and tossed them out of the window into the garden, where Jenny passing shortly afterwards found them wilting in the sun.

It was a terrible life to the young girl; she felt as though in prison, not daring to alter so much as the position of one of the grim old chairs. Everything in the house had its place, and the old servants, jealous as Miss Sarah of changes, were quick to resent the slightest innovation. Day by day plunged Robin deeper into his grand work on astronomy, he was scarcely conscious of claims on his heart; he might have been dead and buried so far was he beyond Jenny's power of recall. Perhaps, like Miss Sarah, he too was beyond being affected by commandments. He had bidden Jenny from the first to amuse herself, and naturally his duty to her began and ended with the kindly order.

Amuse herself! There was not even a kitten on the premises, and the yard dog was a vicious old beast that dragged at his chain, and would have torn the newcomer to pieces had he been able to get loose. The only amusement left for Jenny was to take long walks over the moors, and this amusement palled to such a degree, that had Robin watched her movements through his fine telescope with the same interest with which he studied the far-off stars, he might have speculated as to the nature of the crystals which sped in rapid succession from her eyes, as she threw herself in an abandon of misery on the heather.

After the first few days Jenny never sang about the house, she made no noise. Robin did not notice the change. The clear skies were giving him chances, which he had not had for years, of making solar observations, and he worked unremittingly, scarce giving himself necessary rest by day and by night.

He claimed Sarah's help as a matter of course, and such intense labor, and night watches, disagreed with the grim woman's temper, which became so frigidly austere that the sensitive-plant drooped in her atmosphere. Yet, withal, Sarah had eyes; she saw everything that Robin was blind to, and, as the servants all agreed, she had never been so outrageously cross in her life.

A pile of cards had been gradually accumulating during the last few weeks. Miss Sarah turned them over with some contempt—still, she knew Robin must keep up with the world, and friends cannot be absolutely neglected.

"Robin," she said, "these calls must be returned."

"Well," said he, "why not? Jenny can return them."

"No," said Jenny, in a clear low tone. "I will not."

"She is right," said Sarah, calmly. "You must go with her. Take to-day; it is fine; order the carriage early. The 'Bridges' live eight miles off, they are old friends; you can go there first. If you are in time for lunch so much the better; they will be overjoyed."

"But, Sarah, could not you——" began Robin.

"I am not Jenny's husband," said Sarah acidly. "If a man marries he must expect to have to go out with his wife on occasion. Don't attempt to put these calls off on me. Besides, you've done too much night work lately, and we shall have you ill again and off to the South, and Heaven knows what other absurdity you may perform!"

"He can scarcely marry another wife," said Jenny, with cool scorn; "he has already made the one irretrievable blunder?"

Miss Sarah carefully put on her spectacles and peered at the young bride.

"You'd better go and get yourself ready for the trip. Take a warm shawl; it's cold on the moors," said she, in her strident tone. Then, without another word, went down to study and set to work to copy Robin's observations of the night before.

Presently she heard Jenny's laugh. It had a pathetic ring in its young freshness. Miss Sarah frowned ominously, she rose and went to the window; the carriage was at the door, and Jenny had just taken her seat by Robin, who was smiling down at her in a wholly unphilosophic manner which suffused the girl's pale face with a glow of lovely pink.

Miss Sarah stood frowning at the pair, portentously; she had never looked so severe in her life, but, hidden behind the curtain, her face was not visible to dethrone joy from Jenny's heart. When the happy couple were out of sight, she went back to her work, but somehow she could not fix her mind on what she was doing. In less than an hour she seemed to form a sudden resolution; she left the study, and, with determined tread, made her way to Jenny's room, where the young girl alone had undisputed sway.

Miss Sarah knew she had no right there, but then she was above the commandments, above being affected by rules which govern ordinary folk, so she entered without hesitation and proceeded to rummage.

On a table by the window was a neat pile of school-books, evidently called into daily requisition. Miss Sarah sniffed contemptuously.

"Out of date centuries ago," she muttered, "just the usual science smattering dealt out at girls' schools." Then she came upon a list of studies, formidable enough to Jenny's eyes, absurd in those of the experienced student; but this was soon dropped, for Miss Sarah's forretting glance had caught sight of a diary.

"Bless me, what a baby, to keep a diary!" sneered Miss Sarah, as she opened the sacred pages without a qualm. But as she read, the sneer died away from her grim countenance; here she found the cruel sufferings Jenny had endured painted in glowing words. She saw herself just as she appeared in these young eyes, an odd sensation to Miss Sarah, almost as though she had been dead and buried and had returned to her old haunts seeing with spirit eyes instead of "through a glass, darkly."

"It is strange," wrote Jenny, after this relation, "that, harsh and severe as she uniformly appears to be, there is something about her I could love, if she would let me. But she is above being loved. She is so strong, so sufficient to herself. I dared one night to kiss her; she did not like it"—"Yes, she did, though," interpolated Miss Sarah—"and I shall never dare to take such a liberty again. Was she ever young? and did she ever care for flowers and sunshine? Had she ever a lover?"

With a sudden snap Miss Sarah turned the page.

"If I only knew what they were doing, what this great scientific work was to prove; but they never deign to mention the theme in my hearing! Night by night they watch the stars; how I long for the opportunity! I do not know anything; but I can learn. I hate science! It makes people so hard, so self-satisfied, and shuts them within such narrow walls. The stars are more to Robin than his wife; he cares for the smallest information he can gain concerning them, but for human beings he does not care.

"It is nothing to him that I suffer, that I long for a wider, broader life. I am a prisoner chained to a cruel doom. Were I to be burned at the stake, death would put an end to my miseries; but here am I doomed to death in life. My imagination is repressed; my heart is killed in this icy atmosphere; my youth is dying with my heart. Oh, Robin, Robin! Is not the human soul eternal as the heavens? You should help me, Robin, to a higher flight amongst your stars, read me, Robin, with as deep a longing for intelligence of what is hidden in my heart, as you read the skies!"

Miss Sarah threw the diary aside; something very queer was touching her eyes with a film. A vigorous rubbing brought her keen vision to order, and it showed her some dainty needlework in a basket on the table. Miss Sarah peered at it long ere she mastered the purpose of the production. It was a cap of real Mechlin lace, and evidently, the grim woman perceived, intended for herself. She put it on—very much awry, it is true, but to her own satisfaction, admiring the effect with a simplicity of soul pertaining only to the scientific. Then she set it back in its place, and fingered the few knick-knacks Jenny's scanty purse had enabled her to purchase when abroad. She scowled severely at the muslin curtains and the general air of elegance with which the girl had invested her poor little properties, then suddenly strode out of the room and returned to her work. She frowned so much for the rest of the day that even the old servants were alarmed, and went about their work fearing an unwonted explosion.

When the absent pair came home in the gloaming, and Jenny's laugh, merry now, without that pathetic ring which had weighted its freshness in the morning, startled the gloomy echoes into serious remonstrance, Miss Sarah's rather bass voice was heard from the open hall door.

"Oh, you're back, are you? I want my tea. I am used now to Jenny's way of

making it, and I can't fancy it otherwise."

Grim as was this speech, it struck like a warm wave on Jenny's ear. She fairly ran indoors.

"I'll be ready in a moment, Sarah," said she, and her step went blithely up to her room.

When she returned she carried her work-basket on her arm, glancing from its contents rather timidly at Miss Sarah. That grim woman was seated in a stiff-arm-chair by the fire-place; she had an antiquated piece of canvass in her lap, and was threading a needle, frowning hideously at the difficulties presented by the ravelling silk.

"Get out of my light!" she said, with severity, as she chased the needle with increasing asperity and absorbed interest. Jenny stood aside, exclaiming with rapture at the exquisite colors overflowing Miss Sarah's black apron.

"Florentine," snapped the austere one. "I began it twenty years ago; it's about time I finished it."

There was something in Miss Sarah's manner that might have answered one of Jenny's questions had she been on the alert—"Had she ever a lover?" but of course the girl had no idea that her sacred dairy had been overhauled.

"For my part," said Miss Sarah, as she sipped her tea, "I am inclined for a social evening; I'll get on with my work, and Jenny can sing to us presently."

Robin looked his surprise, his utter bewilderment; Jenny flushed. What strange development was this? A social evening in this gloomy house!

"Tell me where you went to-day," continued Miss Sarah, conjuring a smile to her severe lips. "I suspect we shall have all the world here after your wife, Robin."

Robin rubbed his head ruefully. The look he cast at Sarah was hopeless, bewildered. She who always helped him out of his difficulties was now apparently bent on plunging him into deep waters.

Jenny was setting a few finishing touches to the lacework; then, with the sweetest grace in the world, made her presentation.

"Humph!" said Miss Sarah. "You'd better put it on for me. Which is front and which is back? I'll wear it for best, and can you make me something for every-day."

"Just what I was going to do," said Jenny, accepting this ungracious speech with delight, reading in it what she valued more than effusive thanks. Her mood became charmingly bright. Miss Sarah watched her pretty ways with severe attention, and her needle fairly whizzed through the canvass, cobbling the artistic pattern cruelly as her keen brain made some deductions, leading her to a conclusion which would have stranded Robin a helpless, shipwrecked mariner had he been able to follow his sister's lead. But Robin was dreamily listening to Jenny's prattle, and afterwards, soothed by the pretty ballads she sang to him, dozed by the fireside.

Next morning Jenny felt less out in the cold than usual, for Miss Sarah turned back at the door to say, in her rough way—

"When we've got those calculations all right, you had better come and do some copying for us. Robin writes so badly the printers can't decipher his meaning, and, as for me, I'm not much better, you're quiet, quick, and careful."

With a nod, almost a threat at failure of such qualities, Miss Sarah vanished, leaving Jenny so light of heart that she had to stop herself several times in a glad rill of song.

"She warbles like a bird, observed Miss Sarah.

"Who? Eh—what?" from the absorbed Robin.

"I say Jenny's voice is as sweet as a blackbird's," said Miss Sarah severely.

"I did not hear anything," said Robin, as he fell back into his well of thought.

But in the afternoon the door-bell rang incessantly; all the world seemed to come to call on Robin's charming wife. Jenny appeared at the study door; one look at Robin, a warning glance from Miss Sarah, and she retired to do the honors alone. When she gave a graphic description of the callers in the evening, Miss Sarah heard her with a thoughtful rather than severe expression. At one name she gave a grim "Humph!"

"Dacres back again!" cried Robin. "We must invite him to spend the evening. You remember Dacres at Florence, Sarah?"

There was not a doubt on the subject in Miss Sarah's snappish "of course."

"So you are going to be very gay—dear me," said Robin. "If you accept all the invitations showered broadcast over us, you will have your time cut out for you."

He was twirling a card in his hand, "Basil Dacres" was engraved thereon. Miss Sarah took it from him.

"Ah, I see it is the son. I knew there was a son. Where did you meet him, Jenny?"

"He knew my aunt," said Jenny, coloring, "and he was engaged to be married to my cousin Susan; then—he jilted her."

"Fell in love with the first pretty face he saw, I suppose," growled Miss Sarah, guessing shrewdly enough what Jenny was too modest to tell. "Just like his father."

"I shall certainly go and see old Dacres," said Robin, whose mind was far away as usual, and who did not notice Jenny's confusion or Miss Sarah's remark. But in a few moments Robin's interest in his old friend was forgotten in his work.

Jenny was intensely proud. She did not choose to go out under the wing of the rector's wife, since wherever she went she was met by pitying looks, for gossip was rife about the peculiar habits of the scientists, and gossip was certain that this pale pretty creature was cruelly neglected, even ill-treated, at home. Then the advent of Basil Dacres overwhelmed her with difficulties, for he was a vain man, always ready with sentimental nothings, and wherever Jenny went followed in her train. Jenny gave up her long walks over the moors, for Basil seemed to pervade them far and near, and at length kept within the very narrow boundaries of the prim old garden, denying herself to all visitors indiscriminately. Here in the arbor the young creature ate her heart out in the dull dead life, and gave up, one by one, the visions hope had help before her eyes—of domestic happiness and of intellectual growth. At length she accepted a fresh vision, which was a natural growth of this death line. Robin did not want her; she would go away somewhere and work for the world. She would not try to be happy—happiness was not for her—but she might be of service to others. She would be a missionary and go out to India to teach the poor women in the Zenanas; but when poor Jenny got as far as India, away from Robin, she usually dissolved in tears the misery words would not voice.

Sometimes the rector with his kindly wife penetrated the barriers set up to keep them out, descended on Jenny in the arbor, and dragged her forth to some party or picnic; but Jenny returned from such excursions more wretched than ever, and persisted in erecting her barriers stronger than before.

Miss Sarah watched the girl grow pale and wan with a feeling of irritation for which she could not account.

"You don't go out enough," she said, not unkindly, "you want air and exercise."

Jenny made no reply. Air and exercise would not heal the wounds in her sore heart, she thought, her clear eyes—faded as her cheeks—gravely meeting the penetrating gaze of Miss Sarah.

"What's this? Dacres' writing, eh? Picnic to the old Castle to-morrow. You have not seen the ruins, Jenny?"

"I have seen nothing," said Jenny gravely; "but that does not make any difference. I shall not go."

Jenny went languidly into the garden. Sarah stood by the window and watched her fair head until it was lost amidst the ungainly shrubs. She frowned severely, and instead of joining Robin in the study, put on her stiff best bonnet and went forth to call on some old busybodies from whom she knew she should hear some home-truths. She came home remarkably cross; home-truths strike none the less hard because those concerned consider themselves superior to such generalizations.

"By-the-way," said Robin, as they dined, "Dacres and the rector bearded me in my den this afternoon—made me promise to let Jenny joined the picnic to-morrow. Of course I refused for you, Sarah. You don't care for such things, or I; besides which, we have not a minute to spare. I am dreadfully behind-hand with those proofs, and those men detained me this afternoon; I lost an hour at least."

Miss Sarah, still very cross, was staring into her wine-glass, and made no answer.

"I do not wish to go without you and Sarah," said Jenny, a stern expression settling on her pale face.

"Oh, if you wait for us," said Robin good-temperedly, "I fear the summer will pass by before you get an opportunity to see anything."

Jenny seemed as though she were making a great effort to speak, but, as she raised her eyes, she met the keen glance in Miss Sarah's, and her lips trembled in silence.

"It has not occurred to you, I suppose, Robin, that Jenny seems to avoid all kinds of pleasure parties?" asked Sarah, as they took their places at the telescope an hour later.

"I don't like them myself," said Robin tranquilly. "Still, she can't very well get out of this, and young people often have fads and fancies."

"I imagine some of your wife's fads might be worth your attention, Robin," said Sarah grimly. "However she happened to fall in love with you, I don't see, I should think she would fall out quickly enough at your neglect of her."

"Neglect?" cried Robin. "Why, I let her do just as she likes; I never interfere with her wishes in anything."

"That definition is equally good," said Miss Sarah snappishly. But Robin was already lost in the trackless universe overhead; Miss Sarah's sarcasm was not audible to ears that strained for the music of the "wandering stars."

The next day Jenny invaded the study—a lovely vision enough, in her rustic gown and broad hat, the sunlight seemed concentrated about her; but the young face surrounded by this halo was anxious and careworn.

"Robin, dear Robin, can I speak to you?"

"Eh, Jenny?" Robin was still in the clouds.

"Robin, the rector's wife is ill, and Mr. Dacres has sent Basil to fetch me to go with their party, and I do not want——"

"Very kind of Dacres, very attentive. Just like him!" said Robin absently, ceasing to see Jenny, the sunlight, or aught else on this mundane sphere.

Jenny drew back; a stern glance, almost of contempt, hardened her lovely features; she paused, as though to assure herself that Robin was indeed oblivious of her existence, then she left the room slowly, deliberately. At the door she paused again, her dry lips spoke but once. "Good-bye, Robin!" and these words came soft as a breath, scarcely audible to the sharpest ears. Then she closed the study door and slowly set foot on the stairs.

She did not hear the hasty stride which annihilated the distance between the desk by the window and the door, nor did she notice the noisy click of the latch; but she turned at the sound, the music of a rough deep voice.

"Just set my cap straight, Jenny, and wipe the ink off my forehead—that quill of mine spatters so. Do I look very frowsy?"

"You look," said Jenny—"you look like—like an angel!" And she suddenly put out her arms and clung about the grim woman's neck.

"Robin's a fool!" said Miss Sarah grimly to herself. "But, thank Heaven! I've got more than my share of wits."

"So good of you to come for us," she was saying the next moment to the self-possessed young man, whom she scanned with a curious scrutiny, as he glanced from her to Jenny. "I have not seen the Castle for years. Robin and I have worked too hard lately, so we have depended on our good rector and his wife to take care of our song-bird here. But I need change, and shall take every chance that offers for an outing in future."

Basil Dacres made polite response; but his lowering brow spoke of anything rather than joy at the prospect of improving his acquaintance with Miss Sarah.

"Jenny—I mean Mrs. Robin—and I are old friends," began Basil.

"Very delightful," said Miss Sarah amicably. "You were engaged to her cousin, I believe, at one time. Is that your dog-cart? Jenny will sit behind, she does not mind where she rides; but I take up a great deal of room, and, besides, I see you have a great deal to tell me about your first acquaintance with Mrs. Robin."

Jenny, who was deftly arranging Miss Sarah's bonnet and mantle, gave the grim woman's hand a sudden squeeze. Perhaps the twinkle in the keen eyes dissecting the enraged young man before her, was suggestive of enjoyment in Miss Sarah at finding herself thus dominant. Basil felt himself ludicrous, especially as an imploring glance from his dark eyes met with a response utterly unprecedented from Jenny—a merry rill of laughter; for he was not to know that Miss Sarah's interposition meant a reprieve to Jenny—that the little portmanteau ready packed upstairs would never see India or the Zenana Mission field—that Miss Sarah's grim smile into the troubled blue eyes had carried healing to a sorely-wounded heart. As to himself, and his tendency to play the lover to the first pretty face that fell within his horizon, there was no fear that Jenny would be annoyed by his absurd sentimentalisms with Miss Sarah as a rock of strength by her side.

The splendid horses distanced the rest of the party, and, if Miss Sarah had one constitutional source of timidity which rendered her a wreck of herself when seated behind a pair of spirited horses, Basil Dacres was never the wiser. Jenny, sitting at the back of the carriage by herself, sang gaily in a light-hearted blithe manner that brought a smile to her grim relative lips. What a feast these lovely woodlands after the dull, dreary house and garden—what a joy these rippling streams! And, oh! the drifting shadows upon the sun-glinted forest paths.

Miss Sarah meanwhile drew the young man out upon a variety of subjects, which he rarely brought into conversational play.

"So you are not a classical scholar? Your father was. We fell out on the subject twenty-five years ago. He would not learn any modern language—a great mistake. A most obstinate man on some subjects."

"He is indeed," said Basil, remembering some late passages in which he himself had gone, as he graphically related to his friends, "all to pieces," in discussions of his future with his parent. But the Castle came into sight, and the ladies descended at the entrance to the woods surrounding it, to wait for the rest of the party.

"You'd better give me your arm, Jenny," said Miss Sarah, "I'm a little stiff with sitting in such a cramped position."

So when the rest of the party came up, they found Jenny beaming and happy as a bird, under Miss Sarah's wing. The meeting between Miss and Mr. Dacres, the elder, was significant; to say the least, the glances exchanged were belligerent. But later in the afternoon, when interest in the ruins had given place to interest in the gipsy-kettle, Mr. Dacres deliberately crossed swords with his enemy.

"I brought him up on your principles," said he, nodding towards Basil. "He is modern in every respect; you would not undertake the charge, so I struggled with the problem unaided."

"Humph! Rather a dandy?" said Miss Sarah, reflectively, "but I daresay he'll improve."

"There's room for it," growled Dacres, the elder, with his mental eye on the extravagant habits of his son. "You have worn well, Sarah!" There was a tender intonation in the words which received a belligerent glance from the grim woman.

"Science agrees with me," she replied, "but you——" perhaps her eyes spoke for her.

"Yes! I'm too fat! I really can't help it, Sarah. It ages a man though, undoubtedly. I've had too little exercise out in India."

And Jenny sitting on the moss beside Miss Sarah, leaning against her rock of strength, sent forth her merry laugh and innocent jests from this safe covert, little thinking that the stout old gentleman, conversing so agreeably, had once been an ardent lover, and that Miss Sarah had been the object of his affection.

Meantime the tide of gossip was turned for ever.

"Why, I thought they were at daggers drawn, and it is clear Mrs. Robin and her sister-in-law are inseparable."

* * * * * *

A week or two later Miss Sarah came down to breakfast ready equipped for a journey; after making a pretence of eating, she suddenly rose and went out. She was gone without a word of farewell, and left no address. Robin stared helplessly at Jenny, when at length they realized that she really had departed bag and baggage.

"I am so busy," said he. "What in the world shall I do? It is most inconsiderate of Sarah. All those proofs to look over"—he pointed to several unopened bundles. "Can you come and help me, Jenny?"

With Jenny's entrance into the study, Robin became a mere working machine no longer. Little by little his mind broadened to human interests, and he watched the change brought into his precincts by this busy little woman with a feeling that his youth had begun at last, and that life held a charm of which he had hitherto been unconscious. Still he missed Sarah's fine mind and hard-working quality, and, had he known where to find her, would have implored her to return to the old harness. But Sarah was gone, and no word was heard from her for two years.

Her return was as unexpected as her departure. She arrived at the garden-gate and walked into the house. Everything was changed, the prim lines were broken, even the cross old yard-dog was gone. Miss Sarah nodded her grim head at the elegance with which she was surrounded, then her eyes twinkled on Robin who was watching her with some anxiety.

"I like it," she said. "I declare Robin you look twenty years younger. What's the matter, Jenny?"

"Why," said Jenny, "I see Mr. Dacres at the garden-gate; do Robin let him in."

"Oh, he's there, is he?" said Sarah, tossing her head, with an odd smile twitching her lips.

"And Sarah, you are grown so—so handsome," said Jenny, her eyes reading Paris at its best in the elegant morning dress draped about Miss Sarah's angular form.

"You'd better let him in, Robin," observed Miss Sarah, without noticing Jenny's remark. "He is not obstinate, at least so he says—only persistent, and if he means to finds me, find me he will."

"But Sarah!" from Jenny.

"We were married soon after I left you," said Sarah. "He followed me, though I left no word as to my destination. We met again at Florence—and made it up—you know we quarrelled quarter of a century ago. He says I did him injustice, I thought he cared for a pretty girl there; he says he never cared for any one but me. I am bound to believe him, since he is a most obstinate man, he never gives up a point. Oh, there you are, eh! I came round to ask Jenny if she'd come and see why our drawing-room looks like a curiosity shop instead of a living room. She's got the knack of setting things at ease."

"And I have come," said Mr. Dacres, with his cordial smile, "to ask for a brother and sister's congratulations on what I think I may call the happiest, if the meridian hours of my life."

One Must Die.

BY J. CARROLL

IT SEEMS a pity, too, for they're both fine men, and I've seen myself how they can fight. Are they really both going to be shot at once?"

"So it seems. The king's orders are very severe against plundering, and well they may be, for there has been more than enough of it."

Two English grenadiers, stripped of their uniform, and with their hands tied behind them, were standing by themselves in the midst of a hollow square of British infantry, in the camp Lauboeq, in Southern Flanders. The faces of both were sullen and gloomy, and not without reason, for these two men had just been condemned to instant death.

As the young officer had said, both the doomed soldiers were fine-looking men, tall, strong, and well built, while their scarred features showed that, young though they both were, they had already "seen powder burned" more than once. And now, in the prime of their manhood, they were doomed to die—to die not in the whirl of battle by the weapons of the enemy, but in cold blood by the hands of their own comrades.

Well indeed might the brave young lieutenant, who was eyeing them so compassionately from a distance, mutter to his brother officer that it was a pity to destroy two such men.

But there was no help for it, for, in the heat of the struggle for life and death which England was then waging with the gigantic power of France, it was no time to be lenient or soft hearted towards any military offence. King William III. had found the whole British army in a very bad condition, owing to the loose discipline and marauding habits of that rude period; and he was now putting down with a strong hand outrage and violence of every kind.

Against plundering the king was especially severe, and with only too good reason; so, these two grenadiers having been caught red handed in the fact, and there being no possible excuse for them, they had been sentenced to be shot forthwith.

About twenty paces off stood the firing party of twelve musketeers, drawn up in line, with their pieces loaded, and all ready to let fly the death volley whenever their officer should give the word. But one could see at a glance that they had no appetite for their work. One and all looked gloomy and downcast, as they had never done beneath the heaviest fire of their hardest battle; and this was natural enough, for, apart from their instinctive shrinking from being thus made the executioners of their own comrades, it was hardly possible that they should feel otherwise than guilty when about to put other people to death for an offence which every man among themselves had committed again and again.

Even the iron face of the old colonel, who was superintending the execution, wore a visible look of regret; for, though he had roundly abused those reckless scapegraces himself many a time, and had more than once punished them severely, yet, now that they were doomed to apparently certain death, the veteran felt that instinctive sympathy which one brave man always feels for another; and no one knew better than he that the two condemned marauders were the bravest men in his whole regiment.

But all at once that dead hush of grim expectation was broken by a clatter of approaching horse hoofs, at the sound of which the old warrior's set, stern face instantly lighted up.

"A reprieve, perhaps," he muttered. "Heaven grant it may be! I'd give all I'm worth gladly to see those two young scamps get off."

The next moment a young aide-de-camp, dashing up just as the square deployed into line (leaving the condemned men alone in the midst to received their doom), pulled up his steaming horse beside the colonel, and delivered the message with which he was charged—viz., that his Majesty the king had graciously taken into his consideration the case of the sentenced grenadiers, and, having given due weight to the fact that both men had honorably distinguished themselves in action many times, his Majesty had been pleased to grant a pardon to one of them.

At the last words the old colonel's face fell visibly.

"Only one!" said he, regretfully; "I was in hopes the pardon would be for both of them."

The young officer looked as if he had hoped so too; but he could only say that the king had pronounced that one of the two men must die as an example to the army, in which the habit of marauding had become formidably general; and it was to be decided by lot which of them that one was to be.

By the colonel's orders a dice box was brought and placed upon the head of a drum. Then the two condemned criminals were informed of the alteration in their sentence; their arms were unbound, and they were bidden to throw for life and death.

As they stepped forward to do so, the silence which fell over that crowded place was so deep that any man with his eyes shut might have thought the spot completely deserted. Even the faint rattle of the dice sounded unnaturally loud amid that tomb like stillness; but, as they fell, there came like a hiss through the dead hush a quick, in-drawn breath from the excited spectator.

The first of the two threw for life had thrown double-six!

"It's all over, then," muttered the colonel to those around him. "The other man can't beat that."

Scarcely had he spoken when the second man threw double-six likewise!

The officers exchanged glances of undisguised amazement, and the colonel, with a look of very unwonted emotion upon his hard old face, bade the dices throw once more.

They obeyed; and this time both men threw double-five!

A murmur of astonishment, which no discipline could check, buzzed along the far-extending line of bayonets.

"Throw again," said the colonel; and the two men threw double-four!

"This is indeed the hand of God," said the old colonel. "Major Brownlow, suspend the execution while I go and report this to the king.

And away he went at full gallop.

Then followed an interval of terrible expectation, and the two men who had faced certain death manfully turned pale as ashes beneath the torture of suspense. But at length the brave old colonel was seen galloping back again with a look which showed that he was the bearer of good tidings.

"You are free, my lads!" cried he to the two prisoners. "His Majesty has been graciously pleased to pardon you both, and he hopes, as I do also, that this day's work will teach you a good lesson."

And King William was right, for, from that day forth there were no better soldiers or more perfectly disciplined men in the whole British army than those two pardoned marauders.

How Sue Was Rewarded.—"The reward of well doing is undoubtedly in itself," said a discouraged little lady. "There certainly seems to be no outward and visible compensation."

The words were spoken in a moment of petulance, for she had tried to do her best, and the result had proved sadly discomfiting. For many years she had lived in a small house in town, and now, after much persuasion, her landlord had consented to brighten it with new paint and paper.

"But I can't take the trouble to select the paper," said he. "If you will do it for me, I'll settle the bills. But first, of course, I'll give you an estimate of what I can afford to pay."

The lady was only too glad to do her part; and more than that, she was, of course, delighted to have the paper just to her liking. So she trudged about, trying her best to ensure both beauty and economy.

She had an excellent taste, and by dint of hard thought and the wear of good shoe leather, she succeeded in bringing about some really lovely combinations of color. Then it occurred to her that, in case of her more pretentious rooms, she might buy a better paper if she would undertake to put it on herself, and thus save the expense of workmen.

At the end of a month her thought and labor had their reward; the house stood clothed in its new garments, and everybody pronounced it lovely. As for its mistress, she was sadly tired, but she had kept within the sum allotted her, and felt that she had succeeded generally like a very Napoleon of house furnishers. She was satisfied.

Then it happened that the landlord dropped in to look things over.

"Well, well!" he ejaculated, after an inspection of the three floors; "this does beat all. You only laid out what I told, and you've made it quite into a new house."

"We think it's pretty," said the lady, modestly, yet with pride.

A sudden thought had struck the landlord. His face grew very grave.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mrs. M—," said he. "This house is improved. It's three times as desirable as it was."

"Ten times to me," said she, innocently.

"Well, then, I'm very sorry, but the fact is I must raise your rent!"

Loving-Kindness.—It is well to distinguish clearly between what we owe to others and what they have a right to claim of us. The former comprises a far larger sphere than the latter. For, while every one has certain rights which he may justly demand, he can make no such claim for kindness, sympathy, forbearance, or charity. If he enjoys these at all, it must be as free gifts, favors to be grateful for, but never to be required. Yet benevolence in its many branches is a duty which we cannot withhold from one another with impunity. Kindness is a debt which, though no one may demand, our own consciences must ever enforce. It is true that we should be just before we are generous, but this consideration by no means diminishes the duty of generosity. Therefore it becomes a matter of serious inquiry whether we have any right to put off the kind or loving or merciful acts and attentions that our hearts suggest and our better natures plan.

Praise and Appreciation.—There are persons in this world—and the pity is that there are not more of them—who care less for praise than for appreciation. They have an ideal after which they are striving, but of which they consciously fall short, as every one who has a lofty ideal is sure to do. When that ideal is recognized by another, and they are praised or commended for something—let that something be important or not—in its direction, they are grateful, not for praise, but for appreciation. An element of sympathy enters into that recognition, and they feel that they have something in common with the observer who admires what they admire and praises what they think is most worthy of praise.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A modern case of Damon and Pythias has come to light in Cincinnati through the application of Thomas Conlon to be released from the work house, where he has been confined for the past 15 months. Patrick, his brother, struck a man with a shovel, and by mistake Thomas was arrested. He pleaded guilty in order to save his brother and was sentenced. It is a delicate legal question whether he can be freed, as he deliberately confessed the crime he never committed.

An order has been issued from the Siamese military headquarters that the troops in one of the largest garrisons are to be employed every day in fly catching. Every man is expected to capture each day a match box full of blue bottle flies, and if he does not perform the duty he will be compelled, as a penalty, to row around the island where the troops are in camp. The order seems to be ridiculous, but the Siamese are taking it seriously. They say there is great need for cleaning out myriads of flies that are making life miserable at that particular encampment.

A new theory as to the migration of birds has been offered by Mr. Charles Dixon. He connects it with the climatic changes which, as geology teaches us, have gone on upon the earth's surface during the 60,000 years of avial existence. The development of the glacial instinct, he holds, drove a large number of polar species south for an ever increasing distance and an ever lengthening time every year in search of subsistence. In the course of time the gradual narrowing of the glacial area allowed them to return by degrees towards that native habitat, but their present wants even now fail to supply them with warmth and food all the year round.

La Grange, Ind., has a person who is meaner than the man who greased his hens with lightning bugs so that they would work at night. He is a merchant, and while out driving lost a wallet containing a large sum of money. A lightning-rod agent chanced along and found the pocket-book and money. The agent made a diligent search for the owner, and being unable to find him continued on his way. Three months later he discovered the owner. When the La Grange man got his money back he said nothing, but went straightway and began suit in the Circuit Court against the agent for interest at the rate of 8 per cent., setting up in his complaint that the use of it was worth that amount.

One of the few civilians receiving a pension from the United States Government is an Irishman of peculiarly tough physique, who has the record of having come alive through an astounding accident. He was carrying a torpedo under his arm, at Newport, while he and an officer went in a boat to a point where the explosive was to be sunk, when, by some accident, the electric connection was made and the torpedo exploded. The man went skyward and lit in the water an eighth of a mile away, with one arm shattered, one side shockingly mangled and an eye blinded. He managed to keep afloat until aid came, and in time recovered sufficiently to return to work, although not at his former dangerous job.

A prominent man in this city, who is noted for his close-fisted proclivities, is being guyed by a number of his friends. A few days ago he met with the directors of his company. It happens that there is a very comely maiden who hammers the keys of a type-writer for the company, and this has worried the avaricious gentleman quite a good deal, as he is of opinion that a woman's place is at home. He has tried on several occasions to have her salary cut down almost to nothing, and any bills for expenses coming from her are always given the closest scrutiny by him. At the meeting mentioned the Directors were auditing bills, and among them was one that read thus: "Ribbon for type-writer, 75 cents." When the avaricious gentleman noticed it he was dumfounded—he could not believe his senses. The idea of the company furnishing the young lady stenographer with ribbon fairly froze him. He was on his feet in an instant, waving his arms like a windmill, and demanding of the Secretary if the company was compelled to board and clothe its employees. After he had been laughed at for some minutes it was explained to him that the ribbon was for the machine and not for the operator.

Our Young Folks.

A BIRTHDAY EVERY DAY.

BY L. G. I.

"OH, DEAR," sighted Poppy, "if one could only have a birthday every day! Once a year is so little; and then, one has to wait three hundred and sixty-four whole days for another. Three hundred and sixty-four days is just dreadful; it makes me quite dessusted to think of it," and Poppy sat down on the floor in her little white night-dress, in quite a dessusted condition, and looked at her presents lying round.

Poppy had had a lovely birthday; quantities of presents, and letters and cards wishing her "Many happy returns." She had had a picnic, and a birthday dinner, and a beautiful birthday cake, embroidered, as she called it, with silver, which had teeny-weeny sugar poppies on it, and her name written in elegant flowing letters almost too lovely to spoil by cutting. Poppy was the only little girl in the family, and all had done their best to give her the nicest kind of birthday a child could possibly have.

Now it was over; bedtime had arrived, and there was a discontented curl to the corners of Poppy's mouth.

"I want a birthday every day," said she, with such a loud yawn that her doll Marguerite woke up suddenly, and thought the house must be on fire. "And I don't see why I shouldn't have it!" another yawn.

"Well, child, try it for a fortnight!" said the Beautiful Fairy, smiling down upon Poppy from the window-sill, where she had perched herself.

The Birthday Fairy always came every year and spent the day with Poppy, but this was the first time the little girl had actually seen her.

However, it seemed to Poppy quite natural that she should be there, and all she said was—

"Do you really mean it? May I have a real birthday to-morrow, and the day after and the day after, and the—day—after—and the day after, and——"

Poppy's head gave a great nod, and she only just saved herself from tumbling in a white heap on Marguerite's cradle, and squashing her bodily.

The fairy was spreading her delicate glittering wings, as if for flight; but she paused and looked at Poppy seriously.

"It will give me a good deal of trouble," said she, "because you know, we birthday fairies are only expected to take charge of one birthday a year. It is a great deal that you are asking, perhaps you will not find it quite so delightful as you imagine to have a birthday every day. However you may try it if you like."

"How lovely!" said Poppy drowsily, "how lov-e-ly," she was nearly off—"I'll have a birthday to-morrow, and the day after, and the day after, and—the day after and the day after—and—the—day——"

The Beautiful Fairy, who was quite remarkably strong for her size, picked Poppy up and tucked her into bed.

"She's a dear child," murmured the fairy, "but she is getting spoilt, and I don't want my birthday-child to be like that; she will be crying for the moon next, or asking for a couple of stars. I shouldn't wonder if it does her good to have her wish this time. Oh, these little human children, what funny things they think of sometimes!"

* * * * * *

Poppy awoke next morning with a queer feeling in her head; and she lifted her rosy face from the pillow, and looked around her little room with an air of perplexity.

Then her eyes fell upon some packages placed on a chair near her bed, and a big package on the dressing-table.

"It's my birthday," thought Poppy, delightedly, "of course it's my birthday; the idea of my forgetting that!" and she was out of bed in a twinkling, untying string, and unrolling paper.

It was too delightful; the fairy had really kept her promise, and now every day was going to be a birthday.

"Till I'm a hundred years old at least," said Poppy to herself in a tone of satisfaction; "what an old, old little girl I shall be; older even than grandpapa. I think it's most cur'ous!"

Then she dressed and went downstairs, and had kisses and more presents and more birthday cards; and then she paid the customary visit to Aunt Jane, who presented her with a French dictionary bound in calf, and hoped that she would pay more attention to her studies, now that she was nine.

"But I'm ten to-day," said Poppy. "It was my birthday yesterday too, and then I was nine," but Aunt Jane did not seem to hear this explanation, or else she did not understand it.

The next thing on the programme was the picnic.

"Bagley Scrub again, I suppose!" said Poppy's father resignedly, as he took the reins. "It seems to me that we are always going to Bagley Scrub."

"You know, dear, that Poppy likes it because she can gather flowers there," said Poppy's mother; "and as it is her birthday——"

"Oh, it is all right," cried Mr. Gordon, smiling at his little daughter. "Birthdays don't come every day of the year, do they, Poppy?" whereat Poppy blushed guiltily, and began to wonder, for the first time, what her friends and relatives would say when they discovered that her birthday did come every day.

Perhaps they might get rather tired of such a continual feast.

After the picnic—when Poppy picked flowers and the rest sat about on the grass and pretended to enjoy themselves—came the birthday dinner.

This was also traditional, for ever since her fourth birthday Poppy had demanded a roast turkey stuffed with chestnuts, ice-cream of two colors, and a large cake with candles round it—as many candles as she had had birthdays.

This time, Poppy thought, the turkey and cream did not taste quite as good as usual; and when the cake came, she caught Uncle George in the very act of slyly slipping his piece into his handkerchief under the table.

This was only the second birthday, and was he already tired of cake? What a dreadful thought!

Poppy felt tired and decidedly cross when she went to bed; everything had been just the same, but still this birthday had been wanting in a certain somewhat that the former ones possessed.

She fell asleep directly, and dreamed that the birthday candles turned into legs, supporting the birthday cake, which raced after her with an angry expression on its round white face.

The next day of course a birthday, and the day after that, and the day after that.

When it came to the day after that, Poppy wished with all her heart that picnics had never been invented, and such a bird as a turkey stuffed with chestnuts never discovered!

Uncle George's face at dinner was a study.

"What!" he would observe, putting up his eye-glass. "Turkey again, and stuffed if I am not wrong, with chestnuts. The very smallest piece for me, if you please; a mere fragment; my appetite is so delicate that it requires constant change."

"It is Poppy's birthday, George," Mrs. Gordon would then reply apologetically, upon which, Uncle George would murmur to his knife and fork—

"Somehow, it always seems to be somebody's birthday here;—wonder the turkeys hold out!"

The days went by, and, oh, how tired Poppy grew of her everlasting birthday!

Other people grew tired of it too. The postman looked at her with a reproachful eye as he handed in his pile of letters and books; and when she went to see Aunt Jane, that good lady simply pitched a dictionary at her, with a gruff—"There, child, take that, and be off with you!"

Poppy felt very much like leaving the dictionary in the kennel, to improve the spelling of Aunt Jane's dog, Podger, but she did not dare.

Nor was this the whole of the trouble. Instead of wrapping their gifts up neatly, and writing on them, "With fondest love and best wishes," Poppy's friends now just stood at the garden gate, threw the things at her, and ran away again.

Not a foot nearer would they come, for fear of being obliged to say, "Many happy returns of the day," and Poppy, dearly as she would have liked to throw everything straight back again, felt compelled to pick up her presents and carry them into the house.

Her little room was getting positively blocked up by them, and at last the poor child felt quite desperate.

"Oh, these dreadful birthdays!" she groaned. "I never was so miserable in all my life; and everybody is beginning to quite dislike me. I believe Uncle George will cut off my head with the carving-knife if there is turkey for dinner again to-morrow; and of course there has got to be turkey because it will be my birthday," —sob—"and a nasty cake with candles."

"Poor Poppy!" said a soft voice; and Poppy looked round and saw the Birthday Fairy poised in her favorite place upon the window-sill.

"Oh, I'm so miserable!" moaned Poppy; trying to find a dry corner to her pocket handkerchief. "I'm so miserable that I don't believe I could be miserabler if I tried. Please, can't you stop my having birthdays? I don't want another for a thousand years."

"Really and truly, Poppy?" asked the fairy, with a little smile. "Then you agree that is not always a good thing to have everything one wants?"

Poppy felt so badly that she was ready to agree to anything, no matter what.

"Then I think I may go back to Fairyland," said the fairy, with a sigh of relief. "Those have been very trying days for me too, Poppy: never in the whole course of my existence have I had to witness such birthdays as those you have lately enjoyed."

"Enjoyed!" repeated Poppy, in a tone that spoke volumes.

"Good-bye!" Already the fairy was floating out of the open window, like a tiny glittering star, and her voice sounded like distant music; "when I return, it'll be a year hence. Good-bye, Poppy, good-bye!"

"Good-bye," answered Poppy, sleepily; "I'm so glad I'm not going to have a birthday to-morrow, or—the—day—after, or the day after, or—the—day——after——or."

Poppy was in the land of dreams.

AT SCHOOL IN SWITZERLAND.—The system of education in practice among the Swiss is enlightened and far reaching. Not only are pupils under a strict and kindly discipline while at school, but they are also made to feel that the warning and protecting care of their tutors is over them whenever they are outside the father's house. As soon as the child is in the street he has passed from the circle of his home, and that moment begins the school's authority.

Regulations, printed on slips and left at every house, contain, among a score of others equally sensible, the following rule, relating to outdoor manners:

"Delay of any kind between the scholar's home and school is not allowed. No whooping, yelling, throwing stones and snowballs, teasing children, or ridiculing age and deformity can be endured. Grown persons shall be met with civility as they pass. Thus shall honor be reflected on the school."

Once in the classroom, the pupil is taught department, as well as his "three R's;" he is told how to walk, stand, and speak, and a blot on his book and a smudge on his face are regarded as equally bad.

"A book befouled is wasted," said a teacher to the author of "The Swiss Republic," "and our economical habits will not suffer such loss. Turn over any of our books in daily use, and you will find none torn or defaced by scribbling."

The same rule applies to the school building and furniture. The desks look as if they received daily washing and polishing; not a spot of ink is to be seen on their surfaces, nor the slightest evidence of the mischievous boy's knife. The corridors and stairways show neither spot nor scratch; and the walls are free from finger marks, and no bits of paper litter the floor. The children, representing all grades of society, from patrician to peasant, are neatly and comfortably clad. None are dirty, ragged, or shoeless.

"If a child comes to school with his face begrimed, or his clothes torn," says a teacher, he is washed and mended, and then sent home. The mother is ashamed on finding that some other person has had to wash her child, and the child so mortified that it never becomes necessary to repeat the experiment."

ANGER AND LOVE.—Man has an unfortunate readiness in the evil hour after receiving an affront to draw together all the moon-spots on the other person into an outline of shadow and a night-piece, and to transform a single deed into a whole life, and this only in order that he may thoroughly relish the pleasure of being angry. In love he has fortunately the opposite faculty of crowding together all the light parts and rays of its object in one focus, by means of the burning glass of imagination, and letting in its sun without its spots; but he too generally does this only when the beloved and often censured being is already beyond the skies. In order, however, that we should do this sooner and oftener, we ought to act like Winckleman, but only in another way. As he set aside a particular half-hour of each day for the purpose of beholding and meditating on his too happy existence at Rome, so we ought daily or weekly to dedicate and sanctify a solitary hour for the purpose of summing up the virtues of our families, our wives, our children, and our friends, and viewing them in this beautiful crowded assemblage of their good qualities. Indeed we should do so for this reason, that we may not forgive and love too late, when the beloved beings are already departed hence, and are beyond our reach.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The population of the earth doubles in 200 years.

A Minneapolis mill makes 15,300 barrels of flour a day.

The condor is reputed to soar higher than any other bird

It is said that a Vergennes, Vt., doctor has an aluminum nose.

In 1616 there were only 350 English people in all North America.

Switzerland is erecting what is reported to be its first sugar factory.

A machine has been invented which makes 30,000 corkscrews every day.

The heat from the sun is said to have hatched five chickens near Muncie, Ind.

A letter written by a foreigner to some one in "Jagago" was sent to Chicago.

Every transatlantic trip of the larger of the ocean liners costs from $15,000 to $20,000.

It is estimated that there was a daily display of $5,000,000 worth of diamonds at Saratoga.

Dentists bury in human teeth about 1800 pounds of gold a year in the United States.

There is a restaurant in Pratt, Kan., where a 5-cent cigar is given away with every 25-cent meal

A family at Marinette, Mich., has run out of names, so their latest arrival has been christened Thirteenth.

A philologist estimates that the coinage of new words goes on at the rate of 100 annually in the English language.

In Chinese the letter "I" is claimed to be pronounced 145 ways, and that each pronunciation has a different meaning.

Through a pneumatic tube 700 miles in length letters are whirled between Paris and Berlin at the speed of 30 miles a minute.

A pair of shoes and stockings were found in the stomach of a shark 6 feet long, which was caught at Brunswick, Ga., a few days ago.

Official statistics, recently published, declare that there are to be found 25,000 vagabond children constantly wandering about the streets of Paris.

An old soldier in Kansas recently received from the Government three cents, which had been due him without his knowledge for more than 30 years.

A tree in Ashburnham, Mass., has two kinds of foliage, that of a pine and that of an oak. In the fall of the year burrs fall on one side and acorns on the other.

Out of a total of 73,324 paupers in almshouses in the United States in the year covered by the eleventh census, 91.15 per cent. were white and 8.85 per cent. were colored.

Rings were in other days made the receptacles for poisons. It is said of Hannibal that he always carried a powerful poison in a ring, and finally committed suicide by its aid.

About four miles west of Westfield, Mass., at the foot of Mount Tekoa, is an old house in which the great grandfather and grandmother of ex-President Cleveland lived and died.

The Irish language is dying out. Ten years ago 61,000 people spoke Irish only. In 1891 there were 38,000. In 1891 there were 680,000 who could speak Irish and English, and last year there were only 642,000.

The great search light on top of Mt. Washington, which is now in successful operation, by the intense beam of light it projects has enabled people to read coarse print at the Fabyan House, seven miles distant.

The largest number of men enlisted from the thirteen States of America during the Revolutionary War was 89,701 in 1778. The aggregate of troops furnished the Union army in the war of 1861-65 was 2,320,272.

French insanity statistics show that one case of mental disease is recorded for each of the following number of individuals in various employments: Artists, 101; lawyers, 1.9; authors, 248; physicians, 293; engineers, 737; bankers, 3357; farmers, 18,819

Charles E. Hatcher, of the Chicago Postoffice, has noted 197 different spellings of the name of that city on letters passing through his hands. Among the bad spells are Zixxago, Hipsho, Jajjo, Shocchaco, H[illegible] and Chachigo. Jagjago is another form which does not suggest ignorance so much as malice.

An Abilene, Kan., man recently advertised that he would like to buy a second-hand lawn mower, and to address X. L., postoffice. He received one answer that struck him favorably, and, after corresponding some time, hunted the party up and found it to be his wife, who was trying to sell him their old one.

It is said the Siamese Government has found a profitable use for its standing army, an order having been issued requiring each of the soldiers in one of the largest garrisons to capture every day a match-box full of flies. It is hoped by this means to get rid of a plague which has made life in that garrison a constant misery

A PETITION FROM THE HORSE.

Going up hill, whip me not;
Going down hill, hurry me not;
On level road, spare me not;
Loose in stable, forget me not;
Of hay and corn, rob me not;
Of clean water, stint me not;
Of soft, dry bed deprive me not;
If sick and cold, chill me not;
With sponge and brush neglect me not;
With bit and reins, oh! jerk me not;
And when you're angry, strike me not.

ABOUT THE EYES.

A curious fact about the eye as regards its perception of color is, that, according to Bernstein, one in twenty persons are afflicted with red-blindness. In the normal eye the edges of the retina are not sensitive to the sensation of red light—that is, cannot see red color.

In some eyes this peculiarity will extent itself to half the extent of the retina; and in very many others (to no less, indeed, than one in twenty) this spreads over the whole of the retina. The possessors of such eyes will confuse in the most curious manner dark green and yellow with red. This is not always apparent; but a few tests will surely bring it out, and we should be amazed to find now many of us are subject to this partial color-blindness.

All the muscles of the eyes are so arranged as to enable us to bring both eyes to bear on the same object at once. If we wish to look to the right, an exterior muscle sets the right eye in motion; but an interior, the left. Thus, we can look inward at the tip of the nose, but not outwards, one eye to the left, the other to the right; or one eye up, the other down.

The eyes of insects present several peculiarities. Often in the same individual we shall find two sets of eyes, the simple and the compound; these latter having a large number of minute hexagonal facets, each of which is in reality a cornea; and the marvel is that every single facet belongs to a distinct eye with pupil, iris, lens, all complete. The number of these corneas varies very considerably. While the ant possesses fifty only, the ordinary house-fly has four thousand; butterflies have no fewer than seventeen thousand; and some beetles rejoice in as many as twenty-five thousand.

The fish has also one striking though obvious peculiarity: its pupils are large, to absorb all the light they can; but the eyes are provided with no lachrymal apparatus, Father Ocean himself being so assiduous in performing for them the washing process that tears are not necessary.

The conditions of light naturally affect the eyes of animals considerably; and in the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky and in those of Adelsberg the creatures have been found blind or in various stages of blindness.

There are many insects which have a very much larger field of vision than we have. This is due to the greater concavity of their eyes, enabling them to see round the corner, so to speak, behind, and at all sides. This development in man would have its objectionable points, but also its good ones, not the least of which might be the detection of pickpockets.

The writer was once being driven along a lonely road in a one-horse cart. Suddenly the animal began to shy violently towards one side of the road, though there was nothing in sight that could possibly have frightened it, both sides of the road being flat moorland for miles. However, nothing could induce the creature to move forwards until the driver eventually got down and led him past the objectionable thing, whatever it was. As he again took his seat on the box, he shook his head and said mysteriously: "Ah! he'll be seeing something that we cannot see! A man was murdered here two years ago on this very spot."

But is no occasion for discussing the question whether animals in general, and horses in particular, have abnormal powers of vision which enable them to see the immaterial. Anyhow, the formation of their eyes in no way warrants any such supposition; and probably, if there is anything in the stories, the keen sensitiveness and heightened instinct of the animals played no little part in the occurrences.

To return for the last time to the human eye. An interesting point is the cause of the different shades of color we see in them. On a certain membrane in the interior are numerous cells, called "pigment" cells. When these are present in very great numbers they produce that deep color of some eyes, and in proportion to their numbers, decrease also the depth of color, till finally a light blue is reached.

In certain eyes these pigment cells do not exist at all, being wanting, indeed, all through the system, hair and skin. A person of this description is called an albino, and among animals we find a parallel in the case of the white rabbit.

The human eye is indeed the mirror of the soul within, and no part of the face betrays so clearly the mind as do the eyes.

The cold glitter of greedy, cunning avarice; the sneaking glance of the cringing sycophant; the firm straight look of the brave and strong; the restless motion of the anxious or fearful; the inquiring gaze, the hesitating, the angry, the smiling, the proud, the humble, and lastly, the lover's, combining admiration, feeling, and longing, and who knows what else besides!

AN old lady over eighty years of age, and who was once a great beauty, died recently in Paris, leaving after her a diary in which she endeavored to show up the alleged vanity of women. From the age of twenty to thirty she spent three hours a day at her toilet, which amounts for the period to one year, ninety-one days, and six hours employed in dressing her hair, powdering her cheeks, and painting her lips. From thirty to fifty the toilet labors amounted to five hours a day, the extra hours being consecrated to the covering of the tracks of time, including the obliteration of crows' feet and other necessary filling in and grading. Time, four years and forty days. After fifty, her efforts had to be redoubled. To the last she resisted the effects of time.

Grains of Gold.

Speak well of your friends—of your enemies say nothing.

It is not knowledge, but little knowledge, that puffeth up.

Whatever good we demand in others ought to be found in us.

Hurry is the spouse of Flurry, and the father of Confusion.

Jealousy is the sentiment of property, but envy is the instinct of theft.

The man will always be remembered who forgets himself for others.

Do your business promptly, and bore not a business man with long visits.

There are men who tire themselves almost to death looking for an easy place.

If you don't keep your religion in constant use you will be sure to lose it.

A hypocrite is a man who tries to fool everybody, but who only fools himself.

The drying up a single tear has more of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.

Veracity is a plant of Paradise, and the seeds have never flourished beyond the walls.

Actions are a higher ground of honor than any speech. Is not life weightier and nobler than words?

Men will never know us by our faith, for that is within us; but they know us by our works, which are visible to them.

"Good prayers," says a divine, "never come weeping home. I am sure I shall receive what I ask, or what I should ask."

A hard intellect is a hammer that can do nothing but crush. Hardness of intellect is sometimes no less harmful than hardness of heart.

If the way in which men express their thoughts is slipshod and mean, it will be very difficult for their thoughts themselves to escape being the same.

Femininities.

Persons who are blind are rarely smokers.

A cruel husband calls his wife green-fruit, because she never agrees with him.

St. Paul's Episcopal Church, at Hickman, Ky., is claimed to have two women on its vestry.

One of the most effectual ways of pleasing and of making one self loved is to be cheerful.

"This thing is worth looking into," murmured the pretty girl as she stood in front of her mirror.

A new ornament for the feminine waist is a tiny hour-glass, containing fine gold dust instead of sand.

The establishment of ladies' or angelic choirs in the Church of England appears to be seriously contemplated.

She: I can sympathize with you. I was married once myself. He: But you weren't married to a woman.

Mrs. B.—"In my opinion no one can be good-looking unless well dressed." The man: "And yet Venus was a success."

The other day a St. Paul surgeon made an incision into a woman's neck and recovered the false teeth she had swallowed.

An English woman has been convicted at Bristol, England, of destroying mail in letter boxes by pouring vitriol through the slot.

Harry: "Did they have mosquitoes at the Summer hotel where you stopped?" Jack: "I think not. I wasn't charged for any in the bill."

He: I don't see why there should be no marriage or giving in marriage in Heaven. She: Probably because there won't be any men there.

"I don't see how a woman ever can marry a man," remarked Miss Fifty. "Well, there's really nothing else to marry," replied Miss Flypp.

She: "Are you sure you didn't lose that letter I gave you to mail last week?" He: "Yes. I knew you'd think so and I've kept it in my pocket to protect myself."

There is nothing more tantalizing to a man than to go home with something in his mind he wants to scold about, and find company there and be obliged to act agreeable.

Her adorer: "I want to speak to you, sir, for a moment." Her father, in an irascible mood: "Business or love?" Her adorer: "Business; I want to marry your daughter."

Planter: "Say, Uncle Mose, I don't believe you have ever taken a bath." Uncle Mose: "Indeed I have, sah. I done took a bath when I jined the Baptist Church, sah, so I did."

It is said that a Princess Galitzen, of Russia, a relative of Father Galitzen, who came to Pennsylvania about a century ago to do missionary work, is now a stable-maid in a French circus.

The nuns in a Mexican convent are believed to have buried over $3,000,000 in the courtyard. This shows what women can save when they do their own house-work and make their own clothes.

He: I had a strange dream last night. I dreamt you and I were walking together in a beautiful park, when you suddenly threw your arms around my neck and kissed me. She: I hope nobody saw us.

In Northern New Hampshire there are two churches, about 10 miles apart, in one of which the Gospel is preached by the wife of the clergyman who has charge of the other. The two pastors frequently exchange with each other.

To Miss Lillian C. Rogers has been offered the place of deputy clerk of the United States Circuit Court for New England. She has for seven years been an attache of the clerk's office in the District Court, first as typewriter.

An Atchison woman who has had the housework and four or five children to see to, recently struck, and hired a girl, and appeared on the streets looking so nice in new clothes that her husband followed her three blocks trying to flirt with her.

A pen manufacturer recently offered a prize for the best original motto for a pen. A man in a backwoods county of Iowa promptly sent him the old stand-by, "The pen is mightier than the sword," with the request to send the prize by the next mail.

She, letting him down easy: "I'm sure, Mr. Hardleigh, that you can find plenty of girls right here who can make you much happier than I could." He, mournfully: "Yes, but you see, that's just the point. I've asked 'em all. You are my only chance."

To keep the complexion and spirits good, to preserve grace, strength and agility of motion, there is no gymnasium so valuable, no exercise more beneficent in result than sweeping, dusting, making beds, washing dishes and the polishing of brass and silver.

Husband: "What a queer couple that is at the second table back of you. He has read that paper and hasn't spoken a word to the lady with him for twenty minutes!" Wife, with irony, as her husband has done exactly the same thing: "Hasn't he? Oh, well, I suppose she's his wife."

Masculinities.

Chinese maidens pluck out their eyebrows.

American factories produce 35,000 watches every week.

A Kentucky man has been struck four times by lightning and still lives.

The King of Siam has been asked to send something to the World's Fair.

The reason some men remain honest is because they are watched too close.

It's an ill-starred strike that strikes the beef-eaters of the land below the belt.

One of the hardest castles for Satan to overcome is the home where love is king.

A man may run into debt, but he seldom comes out at anything faster than a walk.

A Kingston, N. Y., man, 90 years of age, has been sent to the poorhouse by one of his sons.

Indiana is claimed to have but one surviving soldier of the war of 1812. There are 253 widows.

A Cold Water, Ala., mill owner only allows independent Democrats to fish in his mill pond.

The titles of the writings of Mr. Gladstone fill 22 pages of the British Museum printed catalogue.

To endure is the first thing a child ought to learn, and that which he will have most need to know.

A New Jersey minister has struck because the congregation owes him his salary and refuses to pay him.

A Chicago literary club recently debated the question: Was the inventor of the barbed wire fence a barbarian?

An Austrian cannot get a passport to leave the country even for a day without first obtaining the written consent of his wife.

A German scientist has shown that the lands in Germany devoted to grains used in beer production would support 60,000,000 people.

George William Curtis, under the influence of stage fright, began his first lecture by saying: Ladies and gentlemen, the pitchless bolt, etc.

Among the persons under arrest in Marietta, Ga., on suspicion of having been concerned in the murder of Mrs. Looney are three John Smiths.

Sir Crichton Brown says that on the average an Englishman's head weighs an ounce less than a Scotchman's—a Scotch head 60oz., an English 59oz.

A merchant in New York, while suffering from acute cholerophobia, refused to receive an important cable message because it had not been fumigated.

Three Frenchmen recently competed to see who could drink the most water. One swallowed 12 quarts, the second 9 and the third 7. All died from the effects.

No man has a right to lie around and do nothing simply because he happens to have a little something. He that eats without producing is the recipient of charity.

There is no crop more important to be got in early than the getting into school of the boy. What we learn or don't learn makes or mars us for the future to a great extent.

Politeness is nothing more than an elegant and concealed species of flattery, tending to put the person to whom it is addressed in good humor and respect with himself.

Two Spanish girls fought a duel for the possession of a gentle youth, and now it remains to be seen whether the youth will have courage enough to marry the victor. He will have to toe the mark if he does.

She: "Just think, girls, I came over in the steamer with three live lords, and they were all single." The girls, in chorus: "Oh, how lovely! And wasn't one of them even engaged?" She: "Not until the third day out."

Dealer: This is the best parrot we have, but I wouldn't sell him without letting you know his one fault; he'll swear if his food doesn't suit him. Miss Fitz: I'll take him; it will seem quite like having a man in the house.

Senator Gorman is a practical and prosperous farmer. He has one of the best regulated farms in Maryland, containing 200 acres; and his neighbors say that he makes it self-supporting—an unusual case where farming is a side issue.

It has been figured out by a statistical official that there are 31 criminals to every 1000 bachelors, and only 11 criminals to every 1000 married men. From this showing he argues that matrimony restrains men from crime, and ought, therefore, to be encouraged by legislation and otherwise.

The wife of Sir Edward Malet, British Ambassador at Berlin, has an odd fancy for collecting various kinds of shoes. She has now in her German home more than one thousand pairs of boots. The collection contains the smallest dancing-slippers and the largest snow-shoes. It is said to be unique and very valuable.

BUR-FRUITS AND HOOKED SEEDS.

All the higher plants are fixed throughout their life to one spot; they have no power to move from place to place, and would be incapable of spreading over the earth to any great extent unless they could avail themselves of some natural agency for the transport of their seeds. Hence arises the necessity for those beautiful and varied contrivances observed throughout the vegetable kingdom for promoting the dispersion of seeds.

The natural agencies at disposal for this purpose are not very numerous. A number of seed-capsules are more or less elastic and when ripe, suddenly explode, discharging their seeds with considerable force. The seeds of the broom and the violet are scattered in this way. Berries and stone-fruits like the cherry have their seeds dispersed by birds. Attracted by the bright color of the fruit, a bird devours the soft sweet pulp, and after conveying the hard seeds some distance, lets them fall to the earth.

Water-lilies and some other aquatic plants have seeds provided with air-cavities or floats, and are disseminated by water-currents. The bulk of terrestrial plants, however, depend on the wind for dissemination. The lightness, and small size of most seeds favor their wide distribution by this means.

Special provisions facilitating wind-dispersion occur in many cases; the seed, or the fruit itself where this contains but one seed, is frequently provided with membranous expansions or wings, as in the pine, maple, and ash; or with a tuft of hairs, as in the willow, poplar, thistle, and dandelion.

Of all natural agencies, the wind is undoubtedly by far the most efficient in scattering vegetable seeds; but it is not necessarily in all cases the most economical. For one thing, a large proportion of wind-blown seeds must fall into the sea and perish, as salt water quickly destroys their power of germination. Only a small proportion can possibly alight in places suitable for their development.

The objections to this mode of dispersion become very great where the seeds require to be delivered in particular stations corresponding to the habitat of the species.

In a large number of plants this difficulty has been met by the seeds acquiring the power of attaching themselves to the skins of four-footed animals, whose movements and migrations are those utilized for the dispersions of the seeds. The expression, more forcible than elegant, 'to stick like a bur,' refers to the well-known adhere property of the flower-heads of the burdock—a property shared by many other plants.

A roughened surface alone may be sufficient in the case of small seeds to cause them to adhere to fur or wool. Every one has noticed how readily hay-seeds cling to clothes or hair. The tubercles, reticulations, wrinkles, and furrows observed on the surface of many small seeds may be of used in this way.

In the chickweed, campion, and other members of the Stitchwort family, the seed is studded over with minute projections; while rough or rugose seeds are of common occurrence in other families.

More marked examples of adaptation to transport by animal agency are seen in those fruits and seeds furnished with prickles, hooks, or prongs. These appendages by which the seed fastens itself to the coat of an animal assume various forms suggestive of combs, hairpins, skewers, barbed arrows, fish-hooks, tridents, anchor-flukes, harpoons, and grappling-irons. Organs of this description are so obviously adapted to become entangled in wool, fur, or hair, that there can be no doubt as to their use.

Seeds are constantly imported with foreign hides; and on the banks of streams where wool is washed strange plants are observed from time to time to have established themselves.

LUCKY FORGETFULNESS.—The doctrine of "a soul of goodness in things evil" has many and various manifestations. Even a treacherous memory has been known to serve its unhappy possessor an excellent turn. A recent writer relates an anecdote of a friend of his named Billings, who many years ago journeyed through Colorado and the adjoining country as commercial traveler for a hardware house. In many of the newer mining towns the hotels were rough-seeming places, and were haunted by swaggering visitors who caroused till midnight.

At one time, he says, when Billings had collected a considerable sum of money, he put up at an hotel, the proprietor of which was a thoroughly dangerous-looking customer. It would be folly, Billings thought, to trust such a man with valuables, and he determined to keep his purse under his pillow.

Many men who looked like desperadoes were about the place, and the guest was really in fear of his life. Yet there was nothing to do but to make the best of things, and accordingly he retired to his room, after instructing the hotel keeper to arouse him at four o'clock.

When he was called in the morning and found that he had not been murdered, he smiled at his fears of the night before, hastily dressed, and was soon on his way to the station. As he was hurrying along through the semi-darkness two men suddenly jumped upon him and threw him to the ground.

He fought with all his might, till a six-shooter was placed at his head. Then he yielded. The robbers went through his pockets quickly, seized his watch, his revolver, and his satchel, and made off.

It was useless to follow them, and he kept on to the railway station. He informed the station master of what had occurred, and at the next town, twenty miles away, sought out the sheriff and put him on the track of the thieves.

The watch and papers were little value. What he cared most about was the loss of the money. What a pleasure it would be to see that hotel keeper, who he felt sure was at the bottom of the affair, safely behind the bars!

But just as the officers of the law were about settling forth in pursuit of the thieves, Billings received a telegram from the station master. It read thus:

"I have recovered your satchel and many papers found near where the robbery was committed. I have also your pocket-book containing nearly five hundred dollars, which was handed me by the landlord of the hotel. You left it under your pillow. Will send all by next train."

TOOK THE LESSON TO HEART.—"Going home!" he exclaimed; "well, I should say I was going home."

"Oh, there's no hurry. Wait a minute."

"Not a minute. I'll never be late to any kind of a meal again. My wife has taught me better."

"Curtain lecture?"

"Never a lecture, but—well, you've eaten steak?"

"Certainly."

"Real nice, tender, juicy steak?"

"Of course."

"With the potatoes just right?

"Yes."

"There's nothing in the same class with it when a man is really hungry, is there?"

"No; I can't say that there is."

"Well, did you ever eat a real good steak cold?"

"Um, yes; I believe I have."

"Ah! Now you're in my class. I was just half an hour late yesterday, and she just let one of the finest steaks I ever saw stand on the table till I came. Did you ever try to measure the amount of regret in every mouthful of cold steak that you could have had hot?"

"Go home, old man. Your wife has all the best of it."

NOTHING IN LIFE FOR HIM.—"Your honor," said a prosecuting attorney in an Alabama backwoods' court, "the prisoner at the bar is charged with killing one of the most exemplary citizens of this county. Andrew D. Boyson, your honor, was in every respect a model man. He was a beloved member of the church, and was never known to be guilty of an unchristian act. Why, your honor, he was never known to bet on horses, play poker, drink whisky, or use tobacco."

"Hold on a minute," the judge broke in. "You say he didn't bet on horses?"

"That's what I say, your honor."

"And he didn't play poker?"

"He was never known to play a game."

"And he never drank liquor?"

"Never drank a drop, your honor."

"And he didn't chew tobacco?"

"Never took a chew in his life."

"Well, then," said the judge, leaning back with a sigh, "I don't see what he wanted to live for. There wa'n't anything in life for him, and I don't see why he ain't about as well off dead as alive. Release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff, and call the next case."

A WORK of giant dimensions has been undertaken by the celebrated Chinese scholar, Dr. J. J. M. de Groot, under the comprehensive title of "The Religious System of China." During his long sojourn in China, the author carefully collected, sifted and arranged his materials from Chinese literature and personal observation. The work will consist of seven books, to be published in 12 stout octavo volumes of 350 to 500 pages. Each book will deal with a separate part—the first, with the Funeral Rites; the second, the Grave; the third, with Taoism; the fourth, with the Worship and Propitiation of Divinities; the fifth, with Chinese Buddhism; the sixth, with the State Religion, and the seventh and last with the Two Great Churches of China, the Taoist and the Buddhist.

TWO GRAND SOUVENIRS
FOR OUR SUBSCRIBERS!

CHARMING! BEAUTIFUL!

Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella

ORIGINAL OWNED BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, N. Y.

In 1492 the life of Columbus became associated with our western world, and one of the events which led to the discovery of the New World is portrayed in this great painting. The original was painted by Vaclar Broxik. It is recognized as the great pictorial history of the signing of the contract between Columbus and Ferdinand and Isabella by which the means were furnished to enable him to discover the New World.

The moment chosen by this artist is the beginning of American History. Ferdinand and Isabella are seen upon the dual throne of Spain. Columbus is in the foreground presenting his claims before the royal power. He has forgotten the rebuffs and disappointments of the past eighteen years when every avenue to success seemed closed against him. His clear eyes are fixed upon the Queen whose pose and expression indicate her sympathy and belief in his views. The contract is spread out upon the table, and Ferdinand with pen in hand is hesitating when Isabella exclaims "I undertake this enterprise for my own crown and pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds." There are 30 figures in the picture many of them being portraits and the scene is in the throne chamber.

The rich, gorgeous coloring of the toilets of the assembled court, combined with graceful pose, technical skill and rare imaginative power, make this picture pre-eminently one of the best Art Works yet issued to the public. By special permission a reproduction has been made from the original painting by one of the best Artists, in a convenient size, with all the portraits perfect and a fac-simile in full colors of the original. Such a picture at a time when the World's Columbian Exposition is about to be held will be a welcome Souvenir in every household.

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

ORIGINAL IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

The original of this picture has been for many years the great attraction in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. It was painted by Vanderlyn and has the same soft mellow tone that time has given to the old masters. It is familiar to all who have visited the Capitol.

In the offing are seen the "Santa Maria," "Pinta," and "Nina." Columbus and his followers are in the foreground clothed with all the splendor of polished armor, purple and gold, while behind this group is seen the Cross borne aloft by chanting monks. With the Standard of Spain in one hand and his drawn sword in the other, Columbus has landed upon the New World and taken possession in the name of his Sovereigns. On the left of the picture, are seen the natives in their nude simplicity, paying homage to the white men whom they suppose have descended from heaven.

It is most fortunate that this early painting has been carefully preserved by the U. S. Government as the time has arrived when the achievements of the great navigator, who carried the Cross into the darkness of the unknown west, are dear to those who dwell in the land. There are very few Columbian relics remaining and in the World's Columbian Exposition which is about to be celebrated, the event portrayed in this painting is to be re-enacted on our shores.

The Spanish and United States Governments propose to build a new, "Santa Maria," "Nina" and "Pinta" and sail into the harbor of New York and thence to Chicago by the way of the canals and Great Lakes. They will be fitted out in every particular like their great prototypes four-hundred years ago, and will have on board Spaniards in the costumes exactly copied from those seen in this wonderful Picture.

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Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The complete illustrated novelette in "Lippincott's" for October is "The Kiss of Gold." It is of much original interest, and the remaining contents are of the usual high order.

"Cassell's Family Magazine" for October is out. In all respects, manner and pictures it is one of the very best of our home magazines as it is the cheapest. Published at New York.

"The English Illustrated Magazine" for October contains a number of finely written and illustrated articles including one on "The Parisian Police," with portraits, which is particularly interesting. Macmillan & Co., New York.

"The Popular Science Monthly" beyond question is the best publication of its kind in the language for general use. The October number is full of excellent articles on the very latest developments of science in its more interesting features. Published at New York.

Every lover of art, whether in pictures or their history, should have the splendid "Magazine of Art." The October number is very rich in illustrations, and the department devoted to reproductions of rare pictures, curios, etc., is a charm in itself. Published by Cassell, New York.

COLLODION.—The discovery and use of collodion is the greatest improvement in photography. Collodion is a limpid fluid of the color of sherry, and is made by dissolving gun-cotton in ether containing a little alcohol. Gun-cotton is made by mixing 10 grains of fine selected cotton with water, nitre, and sulphuric acid, in the proportion of 3, 4 and 5 ounces. After the cotton has been washed in this bath by stirring it with two glass rods, it is taken out well washed with water to remove every trace of acid, and hung up to dry. Fifteen grains of gun-cotton, thus prepared, is placed in a mixture of 9 fluid ounces of rectified sulphuric ether, with 1 ounce of alcohol 60 degrees overproof. The cotton will be almost wholly dissolved, with the exception of some fibres, which will fall to the bottom. The clear solution is collodion. When poured off it is ready to be analized by adding to it a certain quantity, to be determined by experiment, of an alcoholic solution of the iodide of potassium. A glass plate, well cleaned from grease, is coated with a fine film of collodion, obtained by pouring a small quantity on the plate, and running it off by one corner into the bottle. The film solidified by evaporation of the ether, is now excited by a solution of 30 grains of nitrate of silver in 1 ounce of water. It is placed in the camera, and the image developed and fixed by processes.

THE Rev. Father Kennedy, of St. Patrick's Church, Norwich, Conn., has a handsome St. Bernard dog that weighs 100 pounds or more, which roams the streets like an autocrat, and exercises his own sweet will. He has the appearance of being a moral dog, but his reputation would be better if he had not contracted the habit of following the police about the city at night. Thursday afternoon he met a panting kitten near the post-office that was once white, but in the dust of the street she had become a dirty and unsightly thing, such as small dogs like to harass. She did not weigh over a pound, but 100 pounds of dog could not make the kitten run. She humped herself into a tiny ball, and spat at the noble St. Bernard a number of times, but when she found he meant her no harm she yielded herself to his caresses. He lapped her with a tongue as large as she was, and then she became suspicious and wanted to flee, the dog held her and lapped her fur until she was as white as snow. He then left her to go her way and trotted off through Main street.

THE PHONOGRAPH.—A phonograph to record on two cylinders simultaneously, so that one may be retained as a file, or so that a message may be repeated from one cylinder to another, is one of the most recent improvements in this line. The construction is said to permit of listening to the record on one cylinder and simultaneously therewith dictating a reply to the other cylinder, or to allow two persons to dictate at the same time. It will also reproduce two like messages simultaneously, thereby greatly increasing the volume of sound, or a cylinder bearing a record may be placed in the phonograph with one having no record, and the record be reproduced on the plain cylinder while the operator listens.

GREYNECK: "Do you know I think I will carry a note-book around with me and write down all the funny mistakes I hear people make."

Bulfinch: "Yes, I used to know a fellow that did that."

Greyneck: "Did he get many?"

Bulfinch: "He did at first, and then he didn't get any."

Greyneck: "Why, what made him stop?"

Bulfinch: "Well, the coronor, said he couldn't quite tell."

Cholera.

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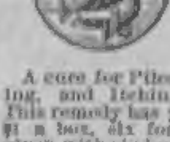

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Come, hurry up. It's getting late.
No? Put your gloves on now. Dear me,
There's one thing I don't like to see,
And that's a woman on the street
With gloves half on. It isn't neat.
You've left those gas jets turned on. Say,
How can a man enjoy a play
With meters running at full blast?
You are all alike. . . . What, fixed at last?
I'll bet I've waited here two hours.
I thought I said to get some flowers.
Too poor? Ha! That's your little game.
Quick! We'll be late, and who's to blame?
The tickets? (Oh, great Scott!) I fear
I left them at the office, d-e-a-r!"

—U. N. Nown.

Returning from the Honeymoon.

Mrs. Young: "Won't you put away your paper now and talk for awhile, Jack?"

Mr. Young: "Yes, my love. Just wait until we get to the tunnel."

When a fly lights on a piece of sticky paper he realizes that he is better off.

He, who is going abroad to seek his fortune: You'll be true to me, won't you, darling? She: Ye-yes, George, if you're successful.

Johnny Briggs: Ain't you sorry winter is coming so soon? Tommy Figg: Naw! When it's winter I get time to stay up longer after dark.

"You like hot corn, Miss Flypp," said young Hunter, as she munched a roasting ear, "Yes, I like it pretty well, but I much prefer pop corn."

"There's a brilliant duel scene in the third act," said the dramatist. "Take it out," commanded the new star, "and put in a slug-gin' match."

Edwin: Do you think your father and mother will do anything for us when we marry? Angelina: Yes, indeed! They have promised to come and live with us.

"Begorra," said Bridget, as she opened a bottle of champagne for the first time, "the blame fool that filled this quart bottle must have put in two quarts instid av want"

"Didn't I see Mr. Hunker wink at you?" demanded Miss Bleecker of her friend. "Mr. Hunker merely communicated ocularly with me," replied Miss Emerson, of Boston.

"There's one thing I don't understand," said little Harry: "that's why good-tasting things like pie make make me sick, while bad-tasting things like medicine make me well."

Tourist, at railroad station in Alabama: "Any cemetery here?" Native: "None that I know of nearer'n five miles." Tourist: "What do you do with the folks that die here waiting for trains?"

Philanthropist: You asked me for a nickel to get something to eat with; I gave it to you, and here you are drinking a glass of beer. Tramp: Yes, but wait until you see me get at the lunch counter.

"Are you fond of flowers?" he said. "Yes," she answered, and her eyes brightened as she foresaw a beautiful big bunch of roses. "Suppose, then, that we take a walk in the Park. There are some lovely flower beds there."

An old lady from the country, who attended the opera for the first time, entered as one of the choruses was commencing. "Ah!" she remarked, "they don't care now that they have our money. See, they are all singing together so that they can get through sooner."

It is said that a scientific explanation has been given to account for dreams that occasionally come true, but nobody has been able to make out why it is that a mosquito will leave fresh meat at any time to lunch on a man as old as a proverb and tougher than a cow boy.

Laura: "Now we are engaged, Ferdy, dear, of course you will get me a nice ring." Ferdinand: "Oh—er—yes, of course, to be sure. I will try and get a diamond, but if the jeweler should cheat me with a mere imitation, you will not blame me, will you, dear?" Laura: "Oh, you need have no fear on that score. I will go with you. They can't fool me."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

If short night-gowns were colored and trimmed they would look like the new wraps and be just as ugly. I think we have never had so ungraceful and ungainly a garment as the Watteau plaited box coats. Let us give thanks that while they are to be the leading style we shall still be permitted to wear tight jackets and long coats, if we want to, cut much as of yore. Anything more ugly than a box coat with its shapeless front and loosely hanging back can scarcely be imagined. One I noticed made of drab cloth had a thick plait hanging from a square yoke, and with trimming reaching straight across the shoulder blades and extending to a point under the arms. The sleeves were puffed up even with the ears, and a flower pot collar held the head like the Japanese dolls we see.

Heavy plush made of mohair is to be used on many outdoor toilets, and even one or two princess gowns have been seen of it. It is very heavy and requires little trimming. It is very expensive, but is so wide that five yards will cut a complete dress. It will also be largely used as combinations with other materials.

In the illustration will be seen a dress of mode cloth, buttoning down the right side of the skirt with large diamond shaped buttons. The bottom of the skirt has two bands of plush, and the waist and upper part of the sleeves are made of the same. It makes a very striking costume.

The pretty gown beside it is of "page" crepon, with trimming of narrow real Astrakhan. The corsage, V neck and collar as well as forearm are made of brocaded novelty silk in slate and black. The hat is of slate felt, with a pale blue velvet bow and Mephistopheles feather. These satanic feather ornaments are quite the rage and give a deliciously, delightfully wicked note to an otherwise somber toilet.

NEW WALKING COSTUME.

There is a great sameness in wedding finery since it must be white, must have a veil and orange blossoms, but fashion just now says that a long point veil is better than a tulle one, and that it should hang from the back of the head instead of over the face. One is of mat white satin, the baby waist held in with three rows of ribbon and trimmed with a berthe of lace. The sleeves reach the wrist and have bracelets of orange blossoms, and a necklace of the same is on the collar. The skirt has a ruffle of satin headed by "head puffs" of lace attached with tiny sprays of buds and blossoms. They extend up the front breadth in delicate vines.

The train is long, and no bouquet is carried. White faille, bengaline and satin are the three materials to choose from this season, though tulle, crape or other fabrics can be worn when expedient. There is now a round wreath pointed upon the front, and full blown orange blossoms are worn instead of only unopened buds. For a going away dress either of the two represented above would be suitable, or a gown of plaid toile du Nord. One of plain cloth or cheviot cut in the same general style would be as handsome.

Bridesmaids' costumes are by no means the costly affairs they have been, and where there is but one she usually wears crape or cashmere, with some delicate color in the trimming of her hat or in her ribbons. Where there are six they adopt by twos some tint—pale pink, blue or maize—and wear hats of the same color, looking very pretty, but reminding one of a pinafore chorus. It is considered in bad taste for them to wear jewels except a locket or small pin, the gift of the groom.

Next week will take place the openings of all the retail houses, and the procession of women will take up its line of march in the morning and all day surge about the bonnets and hats recently imported—from the back rooms. I shall get my life insured and try to get there just the same.

It is said that black velvet is to be worn for dinner dresses by young ladies in the coming season. This is certainly an innovation, for hitherto its stately becomingness had been reserved for portly matrons.

The styles of the first empire seem to be the keynote of the winter fashions. It would be inwise to have one's autumn dresses made too early this year until the edict is passed, for it is said that there is to be a decided revolution in all the styles.

On the lines of a genuine empire dress, and also of a bonnet of the epoch the modistes will work, altering and adapting them to modern days. It is impossible to believe that, except for evening dresses, the too quaint style of this period can be revived without the most thorough modifications.

In hosiery there are endless novelties prepared for the coming season, one of the most original being a black ground, spangled with delicate spots embroidered in colors, with gilt designs worked in. The gold is not, as might be supposed, stiff and "scratchy," but is as supple as the silk and stands washing equally well.

A novelty has a light colored arabesque on a black ground running up the front of the leg; another has a black ground with the front of light color with sandal lacings in black simulated across the light.

The prettiest and most refined stockings for wearing with slippers are richly embroidered with these self-colors, which give richness without too much showiness.

The length of some of the new gloves is amazing—for outdoor wear, that is. The elbow sleeves now seen on all the gowns of summer materials compel long gloves, but the fashion of permitting the gloves to wrinkle in great rolls around the arms uses up additional length. They are a picturesque addition to the midsummer toilet and charmingly suited to the big picture hats.

Tan gloves have had such a long reign that there is hesitancy in accepting the statement that they are not (how tempting that slang phrase "not in it" is to the fashion writer—it is perpetually apropos) to be considered just now beside the gray tints and others equally pleasing. White gloves and those of all light tints are worn. Long mousquetaries come in dressed as well as in suede kid.

Odds and Ends.

SOME PREPARATIONS OF ORANGES.

Chartreuse of oranges is a most elegant and tasty preparation. Line the inside of a plain round mould with straight sides with sections of Tangerine oranges by dipping the sections into jelly just ready to form, and fixing them on the tin. If the mould has been rinsed in cold water and left damp, the sections will attach themselves instantly. When the lining is firm fill the mould with orange cream, made as above, or made by whipping half a pint of double cream, sweetening it with two ounces of sugar, flavoring it with the juice of three oranges, and adding to it a tablespoonful of gelatine dissolved in a little milk.

Orange Tarts.—Line a shallow dish or tartlet tin with pastry, spread some orange paste upon it, and bake till the pastry is done. To make the mixture put the grated rind and strained juice of three oranges upon the beaten yolks of three eggs, and add an ounce of butter and a quarter of a pound of sugar, or less if the oranges are sweet. Mix the ingredients thoroughly, and put them in a small stew pan; keep stirring one way till the paste is as thick as honey.

Orange Compote.—Divide oranges into sections; free them from pith, and boil them for a few minutes in thin syrup flavored with orange juice. Drain them and boil the syrup till thick. When cold lay the orange sections in a compote dish; sprinkle desiccated cocoa-nut over them, and also a little of the syrup. Repeat until the ingredients are used. If the employment of alcoholic beverages is approved, a little sherry or brandy may be added to the syrup.

Orange Fritters.—Sections of orange freed from pith and fried in batter constitute a most excellent and elegant dish for the pudding course. Probably girls know well how to make these, so it is not necessary to give the recipe in full. Good batter may be made with a quarter of a pound of flour, a pinch of salt, two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, a gill of luke-warm water, and the whites of two eggs whisked to a firm froth and dashed lightly in last thing. The batter will be all the lighter if made some hours before it is wanted. It is to be noted that oil used instead of milk makes the batter crisp instead of leathery. If liked, three tablespoonfuls of oil might be used instead of two—then the whites of the eggs could be omitted altogether. Batter thus made would be too rich for everyone.

Orange Jelly set in Orange Peel.—Gouff's Recipe.—Oranges thus prepared look very pretty when they are a success; and they are not as difficult to make as one would imagine. Girls with clever fingers, who would bestow a little pains upon them, could make them well enough. Choose some even-sized oranges, and with an inch plain cutter make a hole in the top of each. Remove the inside of the oranges carefully and completely, partly with a fruit knife and partly with the fingers, and be very careful not to tear the rind. When the skins are clear put them into cold water to soak for awhile; then drain and dry them. Afterwards set them on pounded ice, and fill them with orange jelly. When the jelly is firmly set cut each orange in four pieces, and arrange them on a graduated stand with laurel leaves between the pieces. They will look better if the jelly with which the skins are filled is of different colors. Sometimes the orange rinds are cut into the shape of baskets with handles, and the jelly, instead of being set in the baskets, is set separately, then coarsely chopped and set in last thing. The handle of the basket should be marked evenly across the stalk end of the fruit, and should be about half an inch thick. If the peel should be broken at all when cleaning it for the jelly, the hole can be stopped with a little butter, which can be removed when the jelly is set. If the rind has become thin, a little butter may be run out over the inside to make it hold. The pulp can be most easily detached after the basket is cut out.

Rice Balls with Orange—Wash a teaspoonful of rice in one or two waters; drain it, and cook it slowly in a pint and a half of milk, with five or six almonds, till the rice is quite tender and has absorbed the liquid. Beat it vigorously for three or four minutes to make it smooth, sweeten it with sifted sugar, and pack it tightly into small cups which have been rinsed in cold water and left wet. Cut the thin rind of an orange into neat shreds. Boil these in half a pint of water till soft. Take them out, and put into the water three ounces of white sugar, and boil to a clear thick syrup. Turn out the rice. Pour the syrup over the balls, and baste them with it in order to glaze them; sprinkle the cut rinds over them, and serve with cream.

Orange Marmalade Pudding.—Take six ounces of fine breadcrumbs, a pinch of salt, six ounces of finely-shred suet, two ounces of flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, six ounces of orange marmalade, half a teaspoonful of baking-powder, and two eggs. Put the mixture into a greased mould, lay a buttered paper over the top, and steam for four hours. Serve with sweet sauce.

Orange Baked Custard.—Take the very thin rind of a Tangerine orange (if this is not to be had, an ordinary orange may be used), boil it till tender, pound it to a paste, and mix with it a tablespoonful of brandy. Beat the yolks of four eggs in a basin, and pour on them a pint of boiling milk; stir well. Add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little salt, and the orange paste. Turn into a buttered dish or mould; set this in a tin containing warm water, and bake in a moderate oven till the custard is firm in the centre. Do not move it or shake it in any way. When cooked lift it out as gently as possible, and let it remain till cold. If necessary, put more water into the tin in which the pudding stands, but be very careful not to shake the pudding itself. Standing in water thus will ensure moderate cooking, and will make the pudding firm and smooth throughout without the holes which spoil the appearance of baked custard. When the pudding is quite cold turn it out carefully; pour orange syrup round it, and garnish with whipped cream.

LITTLE ROSA'S family had just moved to a town some miles away from the old home, and when night came, and her father and mother were busy downstairs, Rosa began to feel sleepy. The bell of the church rang out, for it was prayer meeting night, and Rosa counted the strokes till she reached 16. "Sixteen o'clock!" said Rosa. "Dear me! I was never up so late before."